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The Magazine that Keeps America Laughing

SICK

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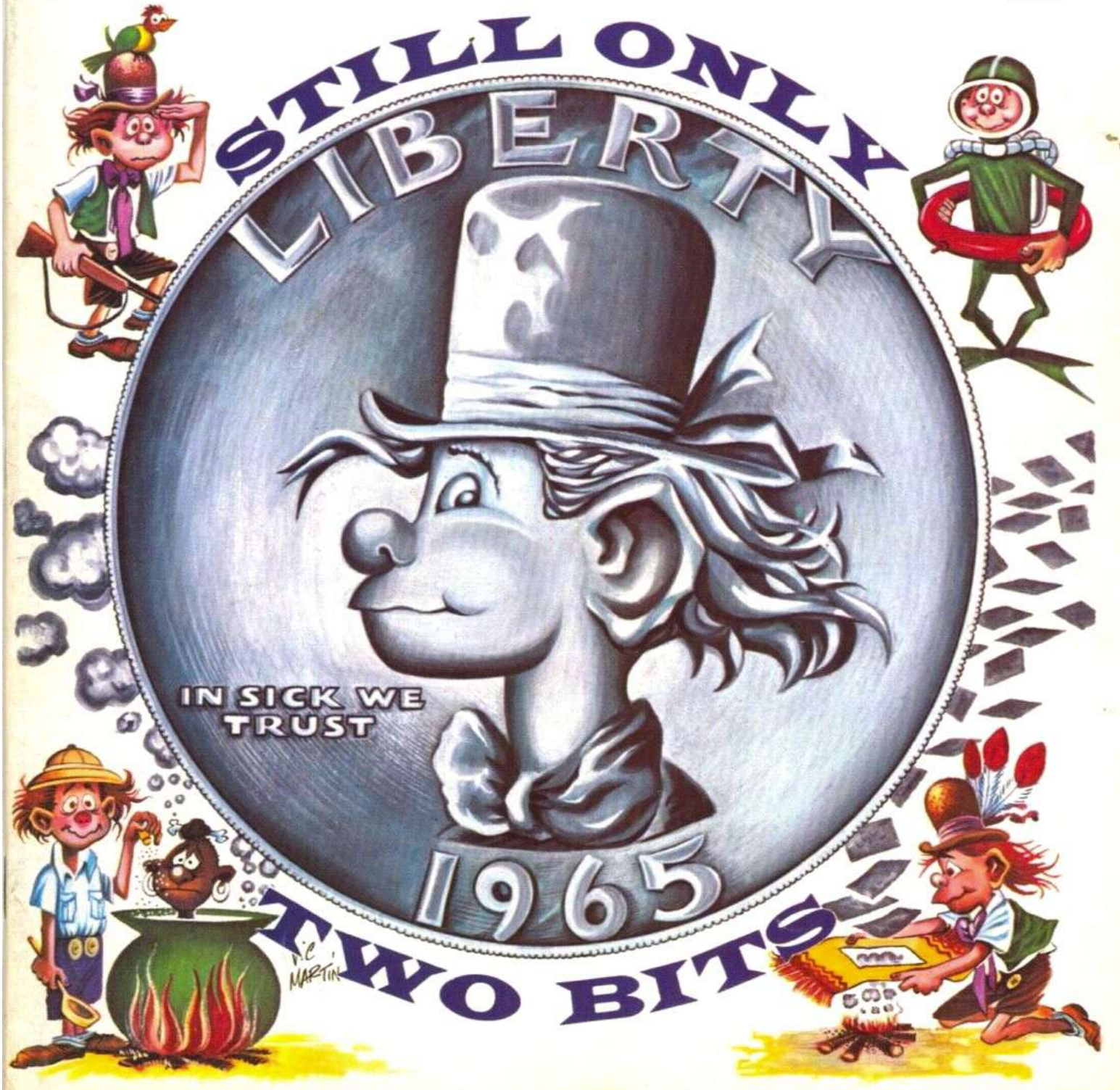
NOVEMBER

No. 40



New Comedians Dept.

MIKOYAN IN THE U.S.A.

(Continued on Page 51)

World

Private Eyefull

Road to Recovery

Old Tarzan Home

SICK

No.40

Vol. 5 No. 8 November, 1965

FEMALE PRIVATE EYE

A lady James Bond, this girl could be a great secret agent — if she could keep a secret and get a better agent. The name Honey East really fits this swinging chick — and if you take a good look at her chassis you'll see she's Honey North, South and West too! 8

GIRL WITH GREEN EYES

Here's another in our series of famous movie spoofs that is working wonders in driving people back to their TV sets. This picture is a real "art Film" — which means it's very dirty and will clean up at the box-office! 14

SINGALONG KNOCK KNOCKS

A revival of the gag craze that swept the nation thirty years ago — and created by a writer-artist team who should today be out sweeping the nation. Like for example: Knock Knock! Who's there? Goldwater! Goldwater who? See, you forget already! 18

SPECIALIZED CASKETS

An article which shows you the latest gimmicks in caskets you get buried in — designed primarily for people who don't know their casket from a hole in the ground. 26

TEENAGE POLITICIAN MAGAZINE

Another of our mass culture magazine parodies that is setting the publishing world on fire — what they're doing is burning all the copies. This is a parody of a fan magazine — if you don't like the magazine you can always use it as a fan! 29

BEVERLY HILLS POLICE DEPARTMENT

A look at the only Police Department in America where you have to make an appointment to get arrested. This Police Department is so exclusive every cop has his own agent and you never call them, they call you! 42

Joe Simon, *Editor*

Bob Powell, *Art Director*

Paul Laikin
New York Correspondent

Jim Atkins
Washington Correspondent

SICK is published monthly, except January, April, July and October by **Crestwood Publications, Inc.**, Editorial and executive offices 32 West 22nd Street, New York 10, New York. Single copy 25¢; subscription rate in the United States and possessions, $2.00 for 8 issues. Elsewhere, $2.50. Second-Class postage paid at New York, N.Y., and at Canton, Ohio. Not responsible for unsolicited manuscripts and all material must be accompanied by stamped, self-addressed envelope.

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Fred England
Texas

Jack O'Brien
Florida

Don Edwing
New Jersey

Jack Scott
West Coast

LANGUAGES

Thousands of visitors to New York City and the World's Fair complained they had been unable to crack the language barrier.

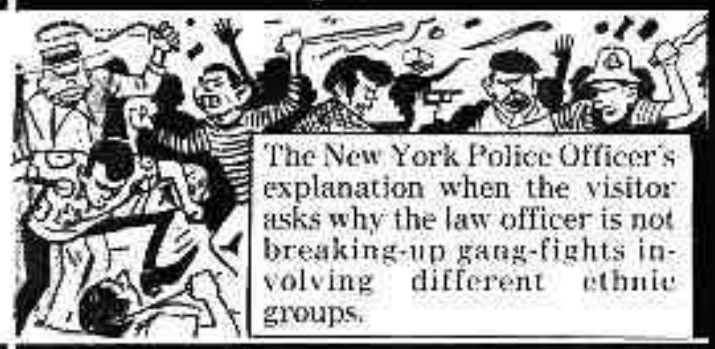
So...for tourists in New York, past, present and future...SICK presents its

Vest Pocket Guide To Translating Native New Yorkers

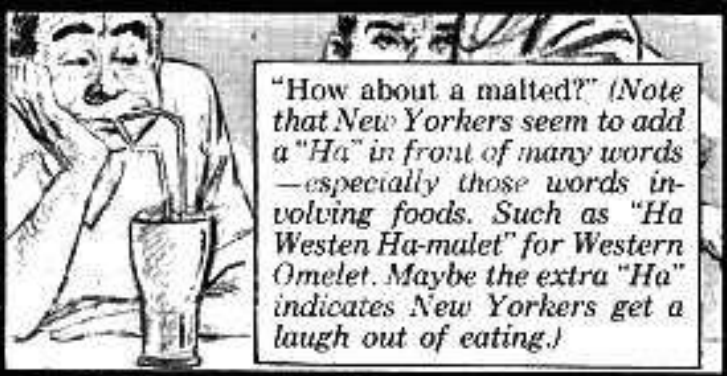
Script by Leo Willette

Art by Bob Powell

Native Expression	English Translation
	"Have you eaten yet?"
	"Have you?"
	A sandwich
	A sandwich
	A sandwich *(The native New Yorker, you see, cannot pronounce this simple English, two-syllable word.*

Native Expression	English Translation
	 The New York Police Officer's explanation when the visitor asks why the law officer is not breaking-up gang-fights involving different ethnic groups.

Native Expression	English Translation
	The native's reply when a visitor asks direction to his hotel *(which is invariably right across the street)*. The native knows the direction, all right. But there is a certain amount of gamesmanship involved.

Native Expression	English Translation
	Term of endearment, as bartender welcomes a thirsty guest.
	Form of greeting, as head waiter welcomes a hungry guest.
	 "How about a malted?" *(Note that New Yorkers seem to add a "Ha" in front of many words —especially those words involving foods. Such as "Ha Westen Ha-malet" for Western Omelet. Maybe the extra "Ha" indicates New Yorkers get a laugh out of eating.)*

And if the casual visitor cares to pass himself off as the New York native, remember this:

To sound like the "real thing" never answer a question directly. New Yorkers always answer a question with another. Example:

In fact, there is a classic story involving two men whose uncle never, never failed to answer a question except with another question.

Those two young men sat up all one night designing one question which could not possibly be answered by another one. Finally they arrived at it. The next morning, pouncing upon their uncle before he could ready a reply, the nephews hurled the question:

Sickcerely Yours.

Dear Sir:

Why not have pen pal list for all of your "Sick" readers. That could relate some of our Sick ideas? How about it? If you decide to do this may I be the first? I would like my name printed in your magazine:

Kathy Stakley
4030 Greenway Ave.
Wilmington

Age 15, blonde, eyes green, height 5'3", 110 lbs.

A boy pen pal of about age 16, blonde, good looking, wild, fun-loving, and Sick. Thanks.

Ed: The "Sick" part we can deliver.

Dear Finks,

I finally got my girl friend to read your mag. (shes a stacked blond). She did this without much persuasion, the only things I had to do were: make her stand bare-footed on the stove (burners) for half-an-hour, pull out her finger-and-toe-nails by the roots, and tie her up by her big toes.

Why don't you do an article on the "Book of Tortures for Brats," the article could tell little brats between the ages 5-8 how to use tortures to get things the brat wants from female baby sitters, (illustrate each article with stacked blond babysitter with an eight year old fiendish brat) use following tortures:

Tie babysitter in chair, tie her bare feet over slow burning candle; tie babysitter so that she can watch while you burn everything in her purse; stick white hot hat pins up babysitter's finger and toe nails, make babysitter walk bare footed over sun-heated driveway. (We would appreciate it if you would use this article)

Robert Smith and
Susan Sommers
555 Maple St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Ed: You kids sure give this mag class!

Dear Ed:

It's amazing how a crummy magazine...er rather ragazine...like yours can improve in such a short time.

Suddenly, like an eagle egg from the sky, there came *Playbore* Magazine Parody. At first, naturally, I felt somewhat faint upon finding that *Sick* was a humorous magazine. But as I began to comprehend this astronomical improvement, you came out with *Mother* Magazine Parody. Come on now, too much of a good thing (yes, that's the word) will rot your luck.

Really, I find it difficult to express my sentiments. Perhaps this quote extracted from Alisann Freudiger's famous epistle to Ach Myliber can say it for me: "May the Bird of Paradise come crashing through your window some night while you are dreaming of being thrown into the path of a berserk lawnmower pushed by Sophia Loren wearing mining dungarees."

I wrote to you previously under the ridiculously phony name of Harlan Manillacopy. I did, however, promise to sign my real name. So, for the benefit of all the truth serum administrators now reading this, sign me:

Cavendish Curdcrusher
4325 Acacia
Bonita, California

Ed: The mad letter-writer strikes again!

Dear Sickly People,

The way you nuts take off on people I look to see your names in the "recently deceased" column, like, you guys are gonna get knocked off.

Your August issue had two covers on it which were both sick so like some kind of nut I got stuck with two. If you know anyone who wants one, let me know, will you?

John A. LaFonte
P.O. Box 347
Berwick, La.

Ed: If you have some place to go, don't wait for us. It may be some time.

Dear Sick,

I like your magazine but I don't know about two of your readers. First Frederick Devine Jr. is off his rocker and must not be able to hear or see. Elvis has more talent than any of the singers he mentioned. And about being flabby, Elvis Presley the King, has a most beautiful body.

And now for Dave Wayman, Ed is still going pretty strong for someone who went out with the stone age. He gets a cool million every pic, and every record is a hit.

Oh, and Ed, us Presley fans wouldn't mind if you did a satire on the King because Elvis as well as his fans have a sense of humor.

Sharon Gooch
11017 Oswego
Houston, Texas

Ed: We're losing ours, fast!

Dear Sick,

I have this funkin who lives next door. I don't know what a funkin is, if you know please tell me. Keep up the cruddy work.

Craig Whedan
Doug Culvin
P.O. Box 177
Sandy, Oregon

Ed: According to Webster's EnSICKlopedia, A "funkin" is a person superior to yourself in every detail.

Dear Sir:

After photographing, developing and enlarging this picture, I thought it was pretty "Sick." So I thought you might be interested in publishing it.

If you are interested in it, please let me know the details. This picture was taken here on Okinowa, where I'm serving a tour of 13 months with the 3rd Marine Division. We make quite a few pictures like this. We call them "Off the Wall Pictures."

L/Cpl Douglas Sensenbremer
Supply Co. 3rd Serv. Bn.
3rd Marine Div. FMF
c/o FPO San Francisco, Calif.

Ed: We're not interested.

Dear Sirs:

I am pertaining to the May issue and to that "SICK" Gary Trimoloni. Anybody that says the D.C.5 stink should be shipped to Red China. I have never met them but from what I've read they are real nice guys.

Anyone who dislikes the Rolling Stones is a communist fink. I agree with Susan Becker about the Rolling Stones. But I think she should be shipped out with Gary when it comes to thinking about the D.C.5. The Rolling Stones may never be handsome, but they can do better than those two could 'brew' up. If there is anymore to settle I will meet them outside.

If you print this letter I will subscribe to your magazine.

Jon D. Hoover
Box 116
Gassaway, W. Va.

Ed: Do us a favor, Jon: subscribe to some other magazine.

Dear Sick

I have uncovered your secret plot to infiltrate and brainwash the minds of the unsuspecting youth and thereby having recruited them as allies you were to shamefully attack all places of prime importance in the U.S. Everything would be dominated and ruled by the harsh hand of Sick. But being of sound mind I discovered your threat and therefore saved the world from your grasp. I have notified the F.B.I. and when you are behind bars you will realize you were wrong in attempting what you did. For in a land where freedom, peace and tranquillity rule there will always rise a man of power, strength, intelligence, good looks, integrity and most of all—modesty to rid the world of evil. Alongside the names of the greatest people in our society will come a new name, that of Mike Marshall. The world will broadcast the words...MIKE MARSHALL—OUR NATIONAL SAVIOUR.

To all Sick Readers,

Address all letters of thanks, congratulations, medals and donations to:

Mike Marshall
11652 Coral Hills Ct.
Dallas, Texas

P.S. Special credit should be given to Louis Udwardy for his help in preventing this national disaster.

Ed: We'd like to see you two boys in the back room, please.

Dear You'all:

I would like to knock your teeth out (and Marty of Hawaii, too). The South is the finest place in the world. Dammit, Stonewall Jackson was brave. I think the people up north are a bunch of...!

And I think the guy that called us a bunch of Southern Fried Clods is needy. I'm glad the Yanks lost the World Series. Apologize to the South about your crack about Stonewall Jackson!

Nigel Lewis Jennings
608 College Ave.
Bluefield, West Virginia

ED: Did Stonewall tell you to write to us?

Dear Sick,

There seems to be a commotion about Gary Tremoloni, and I agree with him that the Rolling Stones and Herman's Hermits are terrible. I also do not especially like Elvis. I like Loretta Lynn's voice and I'd like to see Dave Wayman and Frederick Devine Jr. do something about it.

Tony Partridge
Higgins Drive
Ware Shoals, S. Carolina

Ed: You lost us back there around Loretta Lynn.

for collectors... THE SATIRE THAT JFK LOVED--

You'll want to save this memorable PICTURE-CAPTION book which was printed before Dallas when THE KENNEDY WIT sparkled over an adoring nation

Georgie Jessel says: "LOOK WHO'S TALKING" is a warm memory of the wonderful humor of The NEW FRONTIER... Not for squares!"

WHILE THE SUPPLY LASTS!

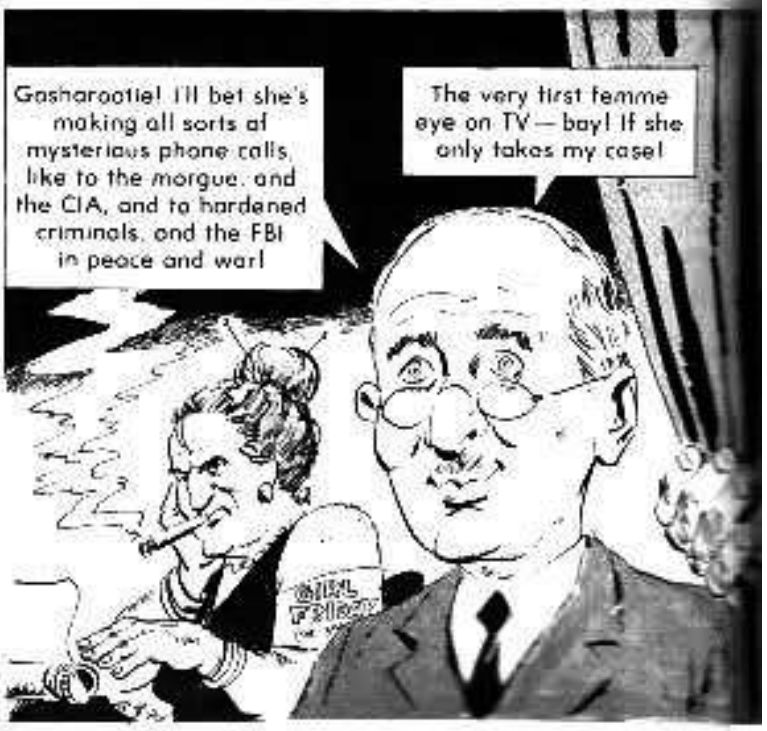
Send 50c per copy (for attractive 8"x11" stiff-cover "paperback" volume) to "*Look Who's Talking*," 32 W. 22 Street, New York 10, New York.

Soft as cotton candy—dangerous as a cottonmouth!
Her lips dripped sugar, but she could pulverize a man with one blow!
Soft and feminine, she could give any man his lumps!
A sweet confection and so refined, this hip femme eye was no cube,
as hardened criminals found out when they crossed paths with

Sugar South

It was bound to happen, so we weren't surprised when Burke's Law came up with Honey West—a femme private eye, or "femmeye"—who knows karate, and if things go all right—or all wrong—she will be a regular feature with her own program next season. Naturally, Honey is simply another manifestation of the "reversal of roles" routine, in which women are taking over men's jobs, so anybody in his right mind just knows what crime detection on TV will be like in the future—

SCENE—OFFICE OF SUGAR SOUTH.
I have an appointment with Miss South. I'm Mortimer Verble.
She's busy on the phone, but then, she's always busy on the phone, so go right on in.
FEMME


Gosharootie! I'll bet she's making all sorts of mysterious phone calls, like to the morgue, and the CIA, and to hardened criminals, and the FBI in peace and war!
The very first femme eye on TV—boy! If she only takes my case!

Art by Angelo Torres
Script by Bob Elliott

Honey? Can you give me a hand on a little murder job? You have to ask Burke? O.K. Honey. Call me back.
Angelo's? Angie baby, is my car fixed? Well lay off that Rolls-Royce, and get an mine!
Hello? Flatfoot! If Burke drops in, have him call Sugar South.
What can I do for you, baby?
I'm Mr. Verble, sir— ma'am. I called you about my case.
Sit down and have a belt, Verble.
I only drink soda pop, sir— ma'am. My goodness! I never dreamed that a lovely young lady like you drank whisky!
Frankly, I hate the stuff, but since I'm a new, tough breed, I have to keep up the tradition of the male private eyes like Sam Spade and Alan Lush by drinking booze in the office.
WOW! So THAT'S whisky! Now, Verble, what's on your mind?
Don't you remember? My wife Esmereald disappeared under mysterious circumstances last week.
Check — and double check. Haven't you notified the police?
Of course, Sargeant Gumshoe is on the job.
Then why are you bothering me, buster?
Because you private eyes always make fools of the police and solve the crime long before they've even uncovered a clue.
Gashamataatie, ma'am, you certainly are the most beautiful private eye I've ever seen — ma'am.

You may not know it, Verble, but under this—oh—this seemingly stern and tough exterior, there lies a soft, warm woman just yearning for a powerful man and the patter of little machine guns—
But if the plot goes according to formula, I'll wind up stuck with a snivelling little nincompoop like you—
Tell me, Miss South, how did a nice girl like you ever get mixed up in a business like this?
Because—because, Mr. Verble, my little sister was terribly hurt by a tough hoodlum, and I swore to avenge her by fighting crime for the rest of my days.
Gosh! How did he hurt her, ma'am?
He turned her down when she proposed. O.K., Verble baby. Enough sentimental mush. Let's go to the scene of the crime so I can uncover some clues that the best detectives overlooked.
Gosh, ma'am, I surely appreciate your coming here to my apartment to help me, but how can you pick up clues after a week? They've been over the place with a fine tooth comb—
—and I've vacuumed it and prettied up.
So I see—you disgusting weakling. However, that makes no difference to me. I don't need clues for evidence. I—SUGAR SOUTH—WORK WITH THE GREATEST TALENT IN THE WORLD!
Which is?
MY WOMAN'S INTUITION!
I think—
that somebody—
—has it in for me, Morton.
You mean—You've deduced—
No, stupid! My woman's intuition!

Yoo hoo! Mr. Verble! May I come in?
Miss South, this is Mrs. Klotz, my neigbor.
I just brought you in some chicken soup, Mr. Verble. You gotta keep up your strength, so eat!
All right, Mrs. Klotz. Where is she?
Wear it in good health, Mrs. Klotz.
What do you mean?
WHERE HAVE YOU HIDDEN MRS. VERBLE?
So why did I think I could get away with it? I got her in my apartment—in my washing machine. You don't believe me?
We believe you, Mrs. Klotz. Lead the way.
We're waiting, Mrs. Klotz.
Two giants in the washing machine! How did you ever guess that Mrs. Klotz was guilty?
When she come in, I noticed her tattle tale gray blouse. I knew she couldn't get it to come clean, and when I saw your wife's blinding white wash on the table—
You deduced—
No, honey—my woman's intuition told me that Mrs. Klotz was infuriated because your wife had whiter wash, and was holding her captive to force her to reveal her secret.
You're right. Every washday down in the basement—her wash came out dazzling white, and mine was always crummy gray, and she wouldn't tell me what she used—
So I got her over to my place and bribed the giant in my washing machine to hold her captive till she told me.
You've been drinking, you little warm!
That stuff really got him out of the kitchen faster.
Well, that was the job I called the Detergent Caper, and it set a pattern. Find the criminal to fit the commercial, and you're home free.
Mine's a tough racket—especially for a beautiful, lush chick with an incredible body—but the public will accept any gimmick as long as it's implausible.

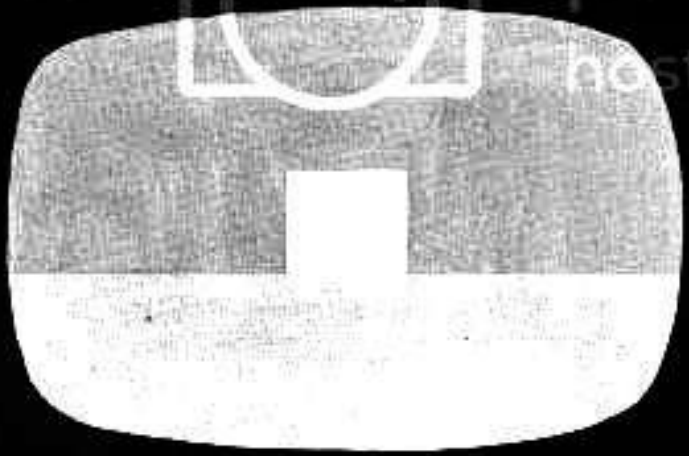
TV TROUBLES

Script by Ivan Golownjew

TO MATCH THE SHOWS

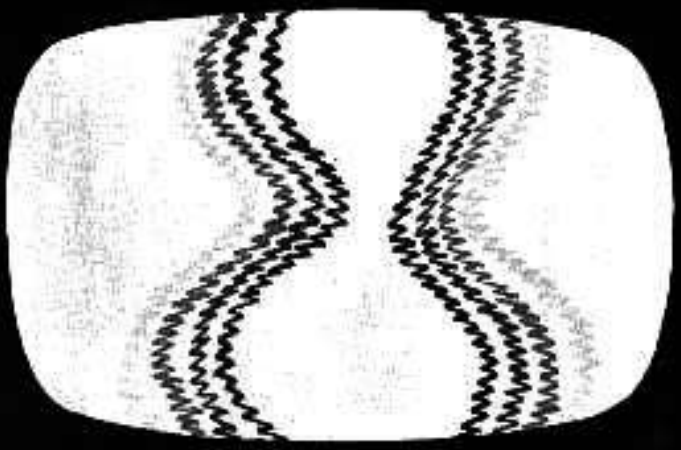
Art by Arnold Franchioni

LUCY-DESI



LAWRENCE WELK

CRIME SHOW



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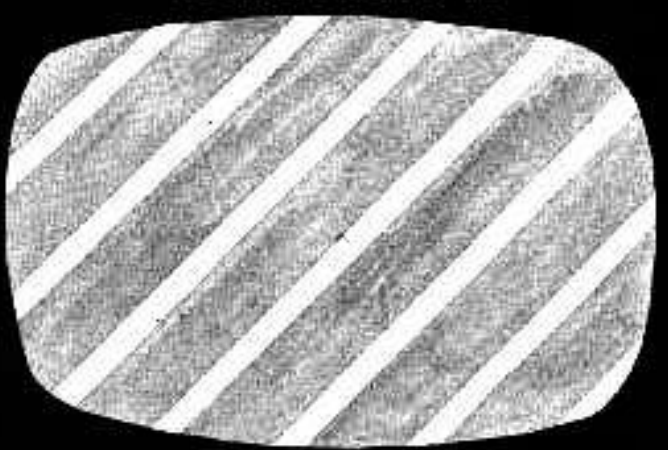
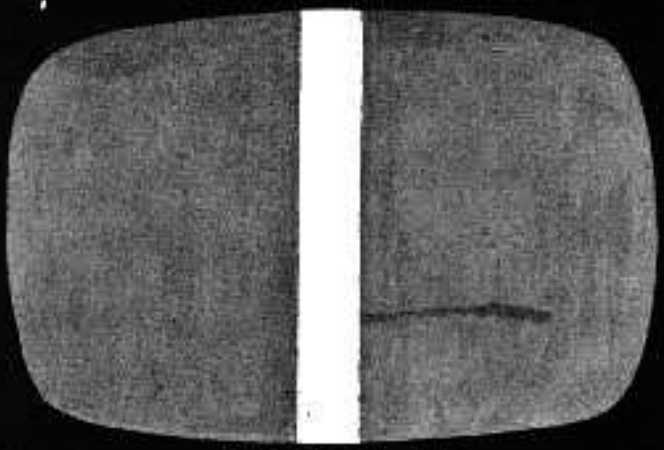
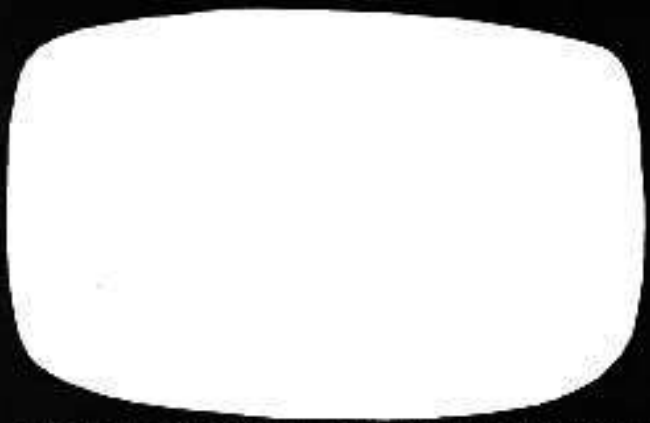


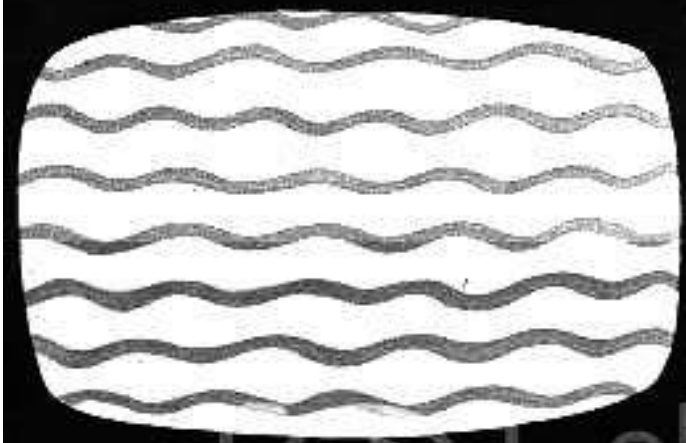
FOOTBALL BROADCAST



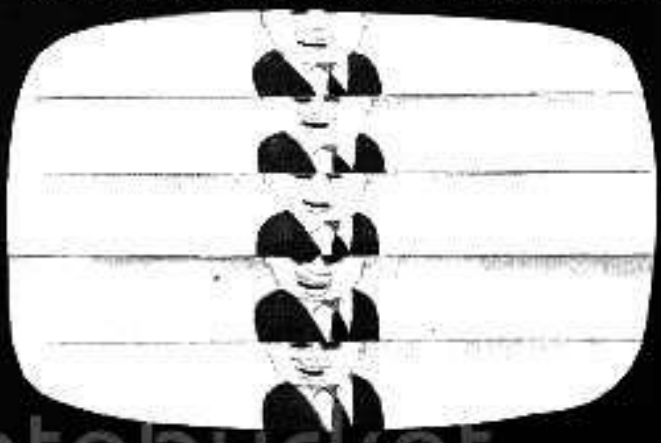
ROUTE 66



DETERGENT COMMERCIALS

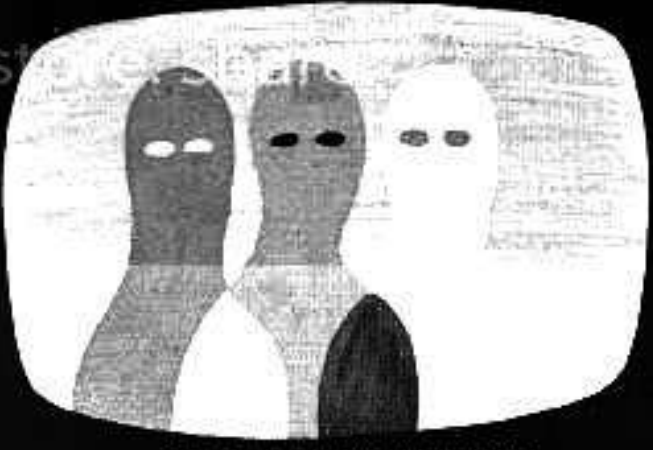


FLIPPER



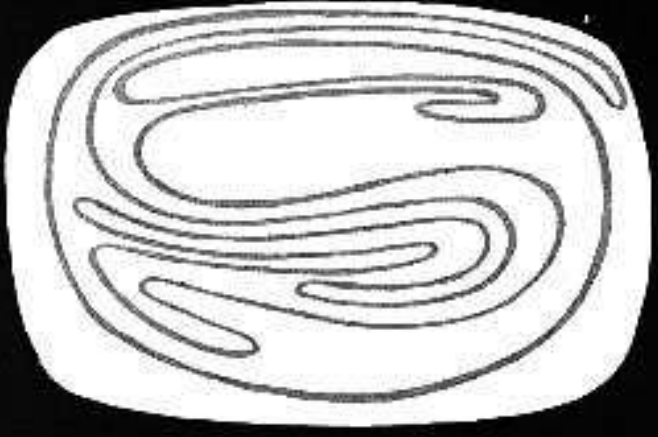
BASKETBALL

SERGEANT PRESTON



THE MUNSTERS

MEET THE PRESS



WEATHER SHOW

Movie Spoof

GIRL WITH GREEN EYES

This movie is all about a young girl with green eyes who meets an older man with bedroom eyes and gets tangled up in such a tear-jerker that watching it will give you bloodshot eyes. In the title role is the popular new British actress, Rita Tushingham. That's a funny name for a girl—Rita. She gives a poignant portrayal of a teenage Irish lass who is just growing into womanhood. And from what we see she's starting to grow in all the right places.

Rita's co-star in this film is Peter Finch from the British theatre. Here is an actor who has long been a matinee idol. That is to say, on many a matinee this actor has been idle. Peter plays the part of a man who won't take "no" for an answer and this gets him into a lot of trouble—especially from teenage girls.

Also in the picture is newcomer Lynn Redgrave who has a choice part. Trouble is, she made the wrong choice and didn't get the starring part. An interesting footnote is that Lynn Redgrave happens to be the daughter of Michael Redgrave. Actually it didn't just "happen"—her father planned it that way many years ago. The rest of the cast is made up of assorted Irish actors—whoever happened to show up sober that day.

"Girl With Green Eyes" is a Lopert Pictures release and was filmed entirely on location in Ireland. They did it in Ireland because they heard there was more of that green stuff there. It's a warm, honest, down-to-earth type picture which is so rare these days. In fact, audiences think it's a fantasy. The movie was produced by the same people who did "Tom Jones" and you might say this is their way of trying to keep up with the Jones. It's in the same lusty tradition—only in this film there's less lust and more tradition. Tony Richardson is the Executive Producer, Oscar Lewenstein is the producer, Desmond Davis directed it, Edna O'Brien did the screenplay and now Paul Laikin louses it all up by telling you the story in this SICK review of the film...

The story begins when Kate (RITA TUSHINGHAM), a sensitive, innocent, teenage girl with ideas meets Eugene (PETER FINCH), a handsome, debonair, middle-aged writer with ideas of his own. Soon one idea leads to another and before you know it they've got a great plot going. Both know it can't last however, as they are two completely different types. Kate is the picture of innocence. She's got green eyes and a personality to match. Eugene is the worldly type. He's so suave and sophisticated he makes David Niven look like a slob. But they decide to have a go at it for laughs and soon they find it's working out so well they're thinking of doing a comedy act together. "*This could be the start of something big,*" he tells her. "*I hope not,*" she says, pointing to her stomach.

Kate is a poor country girl who has come to the big city of Dublin from a small town called Notting. She made this move because she wanted to get ahead in the world and with her it was Dublin or Notting. And so she takes a job as an assistant in a small general store. What this store does is sell small generals. But as trivial as her work might seem to others—to Kate it's an adventure. This girl is so full of vitality and zest for living that everything is an earth-shattering experience. She gets a charge out of watching the cash register ring up a "No Sale" sign. Small wonder then, that this naive young girl has men tearing their hair to go nut with her. Trouble is, she can't stand bald-headed men. That's why Kate is particularly attracted to Eugene. He has hair he hasn't even combed yet.

Another sharp contrast to Kate is her roommate Baba (LYNN REDGRAVE) who was given that name because she's the black sheep of the family. Baba is a cold, calculating and very unemotional girl. To her an H-Bomb attack would be just another drag. And she's compulsively neat. This girl hangs wet tea bags on the line to dry before throwing them away. The best way to describe Baba is to say that she's a professional blind date. Once she thought she'd commit suicide and stood on a high building ledge deciding whether to jump. Would you believe it—the cop at the window tried to talk her INTO it! Opposites attract however, and the two girls seem to get along together even though they're known around town as the female "Odd Couple."

As the story progresses, Eugene finds himself irresistibly drawn to Kate. He can't seem to take his mind off her—or his hands. To him Kate represents all that's good in the world and he likes to have his fill of goodies. He takes her for long walks in the woods and tries to expose her to Nature. As you might guess, it doesn't take him long to get her fully exposed. Most of their time though, is taken up by talking. Eugene continuously points out to Kate how different their backgrounds and temperaments are. In every one of their many dates that follow he keeps telling her why they are so incompatible.

When Kate's father finds out that his daughter is having an affair with a married man he goes completely berserk and throws a fit. Actually, the father doesn't give a hoot but he has a bit part and wants to pad it. And so together, they force their way into Eugene's house. Luckily, Eugene is away in town trying to collect checks they owe him on some magazine articles he did. By now Father is furious. Not so much that Eugene is a married man—but that he's a writer. Father makes a big scene and it's only when the housekeeper threatens him with a shotgun that he leaves. This housekeeper also has a bit part but one that goes over with a big bang.

At this point Kate doesn't know what to do. She loves Eugene but her family, her upbringing and mainly her roommate tell her to give him up. In desperation she writes to Joyce Brothers who can't make up her mind either and forwards the letter to Dear Abby. It seems Eugene's wife is in America and will give him a divorce but only on one condition. Besides getting everything they own now in the event he remarries and has children, she gets them too! And so Kate's future with Eugene looks pretty bleak. Nevertheless, she finally decides to go back to him and live in sin. Naturally, he welcomes her with open arms.

Things go along well until one fateful day the whole tawdry affair blows up in Kate's face. It all starts when a couple of Eugene's sophisticated friends drop in and their glib talk and manners make Kate feel like the poor country shmuck she is. Kate makes all sorts of intellectual faux-pas during the conversation. When they ask her if she likes Keats she replies, "I don't know, I never had any." And when they react very quietly, Kate assumes she said the wrong thing. Actually, it was because they hate old jokes. As the evening draws on Kate gets the feeling she's not wanted. She feels like the last person that squeezes into the crowded subway car.

To make matters worse, Kate hears that Eugene is thinking of leaving her and returning to his wife in America. This is the cruelest blow. At least he could take Kate with him to see his wife. After all, they used to go everyplace together. It's then that Kate decides to gamble once and for all on Eugene's love. She pretends that she's leaving him and sails to England with her friend Baba. The question now is—will he come after her or let her go? In real life they're usually glad to get rid of them so easily. But this is the movies and anything is possible. If you want to know what happens you'll have to go see the picture. We can tell you one thing though. You'll be all choked up at the ending. Mainly because it's a real gas.

HUCKLEBERRY FINK
At The Carnival

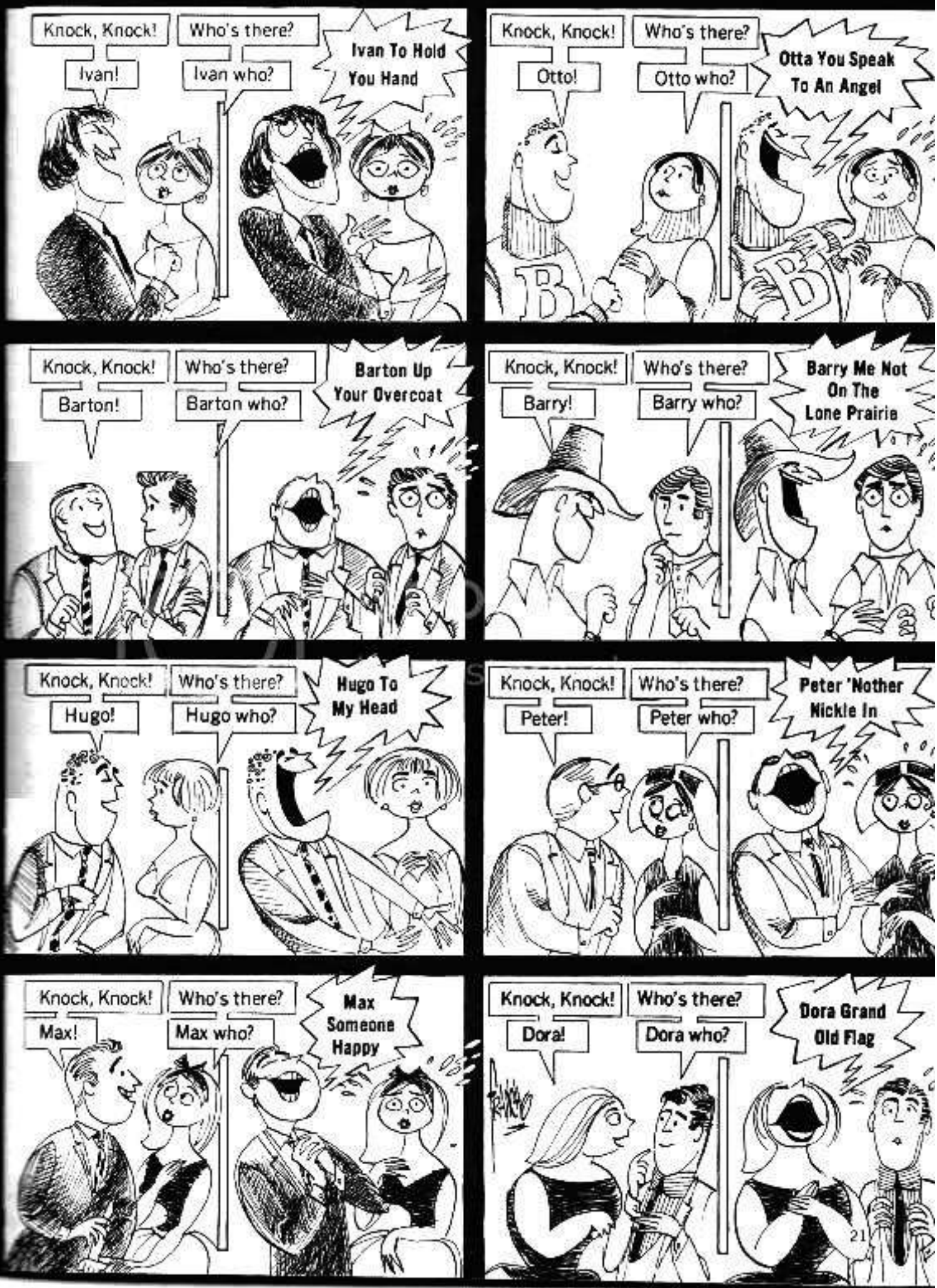
by Vic Martin

Twenty years ago America laughed at the Knock-Knock jokes. This was the biggest thing in humor of its time. Since trends in humor keep coming back every twenty years we figure the time is ripe for a big Knock-Knock revival. And so, in order to be the first to bring back this fad, SICK now comes up with its own style Knock-Knocks - one that adds the modern touch of a Sing-A-Long to make it more entertaining. Clear your throats and play along with

SING-ALONG KNOCK-KNOCKS

Knock, Knock!
Who's there?
Butch!
Butch who?
Butch Your Arms Around Me Honey
Knock, knock!
Who's there?
Donna who?
Donna!
Donna 'Mong The Sheltering Palms
Knock, Knock!
Who's there?
Owen!
Owen who?
Owen The Saints Go Marching In
Knock, Knock!
Who's there?
Jimmy!
Jimmy who?
Jimmy That Ol' Time Religion
Knock, Knock!
Who's there?
Althea!
Althea who?
Althea In My Dreams
Knock, Knock!
Who's there?
Chuck!
Chuck who?
Chuck-ago Chuck-ago

Knock, Knock!
Who's there?
Ophelia!
Ophelia who?
Ophelia Song Comin' On
Knock, Knock!
Who's there?
Izzy!
Izzy who?
Izzy You Is Or Izzy You Ain't My Baby
Knock, Knock!
Who's there?
Selma!
Selma who?
Selma These Days
Knock, Knock!
Who's there?
Dwight!
Dwight who?
Dwight Is Young And You're So Beautiful
Knock, Knock!
Who's there?
Wendy!
Wendy who?
Wendy Red Red Robin Goes Bob-Bob-Bobbin Along
Knock, Knock!
Who's there?
Foster!
Foster who?
Foster You Put Your Two Knees Close Up Tight
Knock, Knock!
Who's there?
Deirdre!
Deirdre who?
Deirdre Mother Come From Ireland
Knock, Knock!
Who's there?
Wayne!
Wayne who?
Wayne You Wore A Tulip


Knock, Knock!
Who's there?
Ivan!
Ivan who?
Ivan To Hold You Hand
Knock, Knock!
Who's there?
Otto!
Otto who?
Otta You Speak To An Angel
Knock, Knock!
Who's there?
Barton!
Barton who?
Barton Up Your Overcoat
Knock, Knock!
Who's there?
Barry!
Barry who?
Barry Me Not On The Lone Prairie
Knock, Knock!
Who's there?
Hugo!
Hugo who?
Hugo To My Head
Knock, Knock!
Who's there?
Peter!
Peter who?
Peter 'Nother Nickle In
Knock, Knock!
Who's there?
Max!
Max who?
Max Someone Happy
Knock, Knock!
Who's there?
Dora!
Dora who?
Dora Grand Old Flag

BOOM ON MOVIE MEDICS

The two largest forms of entertainment in America are motion pictures and television. When one hits upon a good idea, the other is eager to copy it. An example of this is the success of James Bond movies, which was copied by "The Man from U.N.C.L.E." and "F-6".

This, of course, works both ways. Motion pictures are presently taking advantage of the popularity of medical shows with such hits as "The Interns", "The Brand New Interns", and the soon-to-be-released—

REALLY SICK MOVIE

ON THE ROAD TO RECOVERY

STARRING BING DADDY-O AND BOB TRAVEL-O

Art by Vic Martin Script by Calvin Castine

photobucket

Hi, there. We're a couple of doctors.
Bing's the wise old chief resident, with the father image. And I'm the handsome, romantic, young intern.
VIC MARTIN

We were both type-cast. Bing, because he's been a father so many times...
...and Bob, because he's the type to take advantage of being the producer's brother.

You're not going to find any of that stuff that you usually find in doctor pictures, in this movie.
What stuff?
Drinking, gambling, sex wild parties, etc.
No wonder they couldn't get Sinatra for your part.

I think I hear a customer coming.
They're called patients, doctor.
You can't expect me to know all of them medical terms.

Oh! Groan! Ooh!
Dig that crazy dialogue.
Would you like to handle this patient, Dr. Fee?
Sure. It'll give my fans a chance to see how a real doctor works.

What seems to be the matter?
I see spots in front of my eyes, my teeth itch, I get dizzy spells, my tongue falls asleep...

...There's a constant ringing in my ears, and I've got the chills.
Perhaps a bowl of hot chicken soup would...
I'm handling this, doctor

Take one of these as often as possible
What is this?
A prayer book.

YOU handled that very well.
Thank you. And I must say you were right about this movie, it does omit all those cliches the viewers have come to expect from a doctor movie, except for one thing.
What's that?
Boring speeches.

You'll have to excuse me now, I've got a special case to attend to.
Sure thing! Boss man. Just tell the nurse to send in the next applicant.
Patient!!
Oh, yeh, patient. I'll have to remember that word.
CHIROPRACTOR'S KEEP OUT!
You've got an acute case of Paranasti Physaustomsis.
How can you tell? I just walked in here.
I read the script. You can save a lot of diagnosing that way.
You must have read the wrong script, I was sent here to paint your office. Come on in, fellows.
I'll never trust that Kildare fellow again.
Where's Doctor Collector?
He's in the operating room, with a patient.
AH! BA-BA-BA-BA-BA-BOO.
That patient must really be in pain.
Sing that again, you sound so much like Perry Como.
Really? I've always considered myself more of the Bing Crosby type.
Don't down-grade, like that.
How about that. A love scene. Now's your chance to get popcorn, kids.
While he's in there, I think I'll try some of that drinking, gambling, sex, wild parties, etc. That he talked about.
Close your eyes girls, here I come.
Who is it?
It's that handsome, young, romantic Dr. Hy Fee.
NURSES LOUNGE

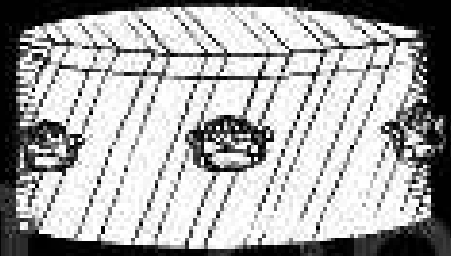
Just for that, I'm not going to buy any more cookies from you.
It's the girl scouts that sell the cookies, not the nurses.
There's nothing I hate more than a smart aleck chief resident with a father image.
POP CORN
Doctor! doctor! An emergency case has just arrived.
Oh goody! We haven't had an emergency case since rehearsal.
This is no time for jokes, doctor.
When you're desperate, anytime is the time for a joke.
Who was that?
Dr. Zorba.
I've got some bad news, doctor. I'm leaving the hospital.
That's bad news?!!!
This place is too dull. I need more excitement.
Didn't you say you cornered nurse Brewer, last night?
But that was in a checker game.
I'm going to the place that all doctors dream of. The place where sin runs wild.
You don't mean...?!!
Yes! I'm going on a soap opera.

We all know you gotta go sometime and as long as you're going you might as well go in style - namely, be laid out for the everlasting according to what you were in life. Since all caskets look alike

SPECIALIZED

Script by Paul Laikin

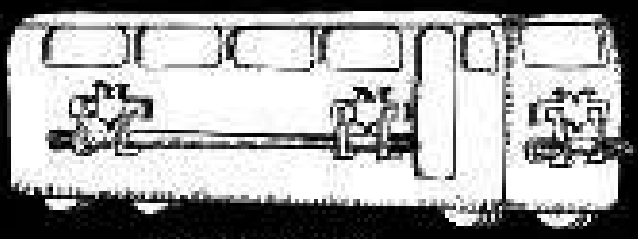
BELLHOPS



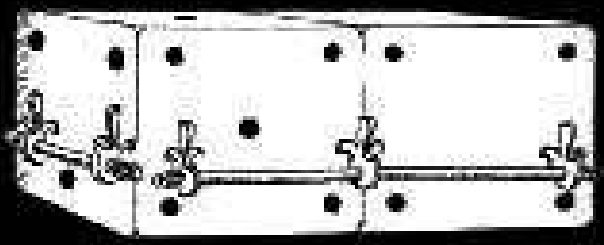
FASHION MODELS

GARBAGEMEN

PLUMBERS

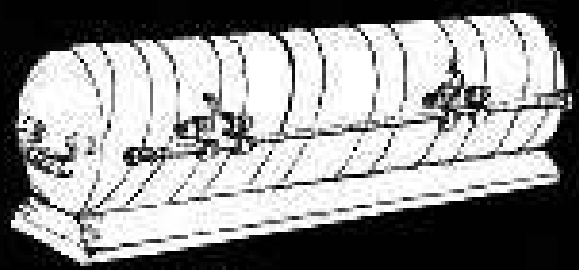


BUS DRIVERS



GAMBLERS

SHOE SALESMEN



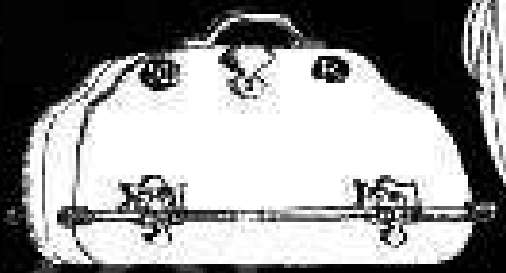
BARBERS

what we should have are more individualized caskets so that you can keep your identity and not get lost in the mass of underground conformity. This can only be done by having . . .

CASKETS

Art by Arnold Prunchunas

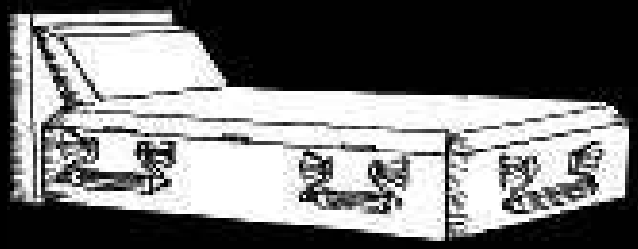
AUTHORS



DOCTORS

TV REPAIRMEN

BARTENDERS



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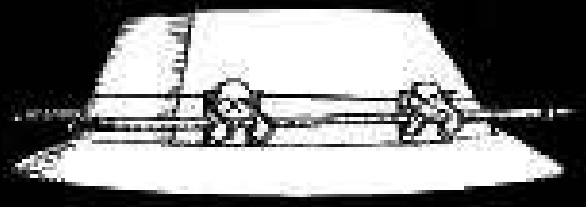
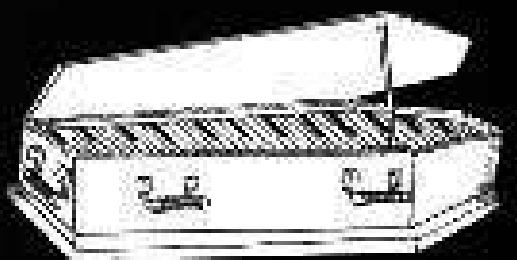


HABEDASHERERS

HOLLYWOOD STARLETS



MUSICIANS

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HUCKLEBERRY FINK

CHANNEL SWIMMER

by Vic Martin

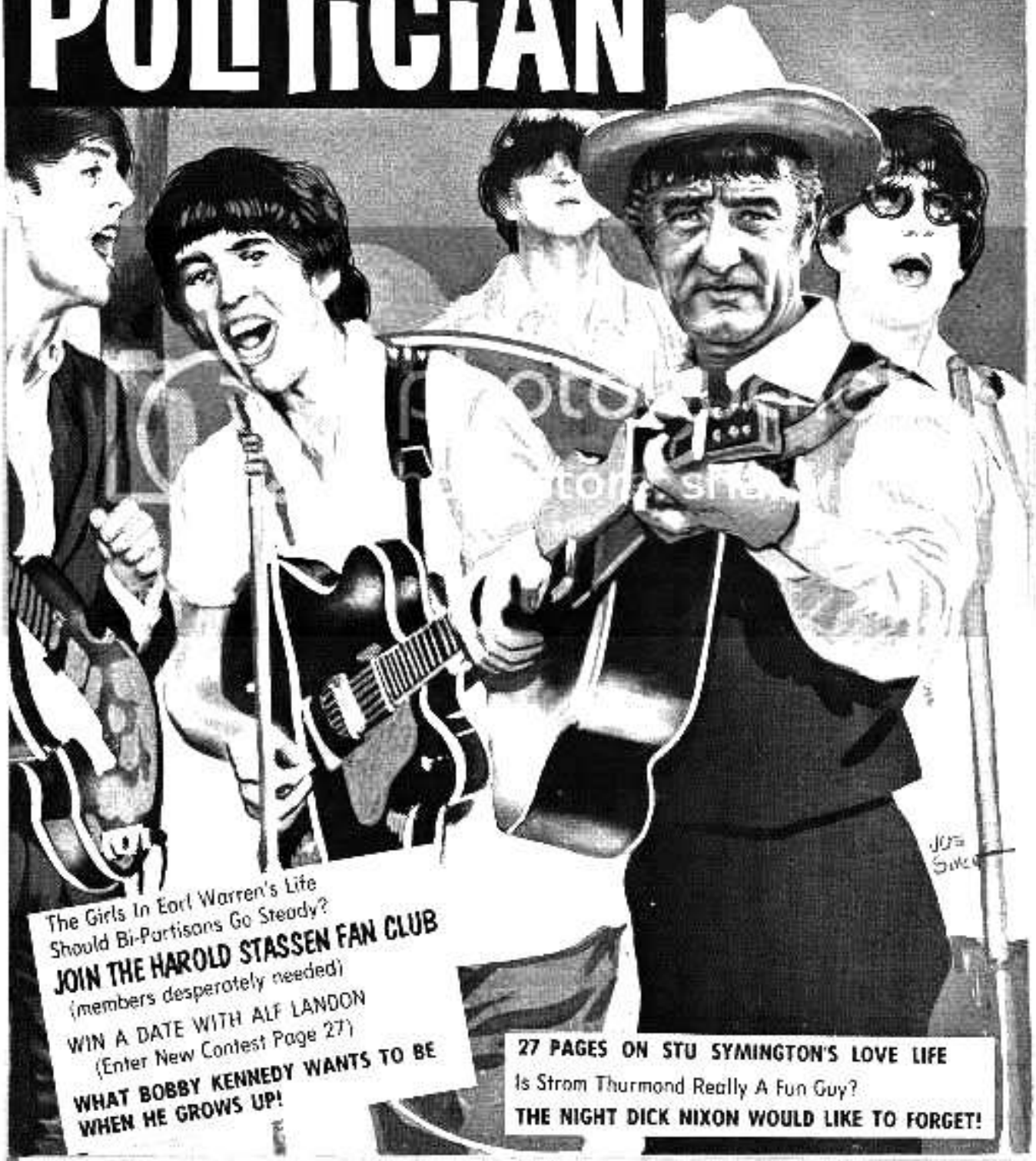
The trouble with teenagers today is that they have the wrong idols—like rock 'n' roll groups, movie stars and ball players. They should be looking up to our great political figures and statesmen. Now what better way to introduce teenagers to the political world than by having teenage fan magazines for politicians—like this one which is naturally called...

TEENAGE POLITICIAN

What It's Like To Live With
ORVAL FAUBUS

If Jacob Javits Held **You** In His Arms!

Would Everett Dirksen Make A Good Blind Date?



The Girls In Earl Warren's Life
Should Bi-Partisans Go Steady?
JOIN THE HAROLD STASSEN FAN CLUB
(members desperately needed)
WIN A DATE WITH ALF LANDON
(Enter New Contest Page 27)
WHAT BOBBY KENNEDY WANTS TO BE WHEN HE GROWS UP!

27 PAGES ON STU SYMINGTON'S LOVE LIFE
Is Strom Thurmond Really A Fun Guy?
THE NIGHT DICK NIXON WOULD LIKE TO FORGET!

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No. 1968

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All names of our staff are being withheld pending investigation by the House Un-American Affairs Committee.

No offense is intended to any individual or group mentioned in this magazine—it just happened to turn out that way.

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Washington CHIT-CHAT

by DREW POISON

George Wallace, that swooner from Alabama, was up to his old tricks recently—standing in the doorway of southern colleges. It seems he's been at so many colleges recently that they're giving him an Honorary Degree for attendance. Here's a lad who should really go places—where, of course, depends on which side you're on...

That popular swinger, Nelson Rockefeller, who constantly denies reports that he's already campaigning for the Presidency in 1968 will soon prove it by going into every town and village in America and telling the people he is not a candidate...

The perennial old favorite, Harold Stassen, who won't take "No!" for an answer is planning to run for the Presidency in 1968. This time however, he's playing it smart and going under an assumed name. He wanted to use the name "Lyndon Johnson" but it was already taken, they told him...

That real fun gal, Perle Mesta, is at it again with her fabulous, wild Washington parties. Everybody who is anybody makes the scene and lets his hair down. At a recent masquerade party Hubert Humphrey came as Lady Godiva and got a lot of laughs. Even the usually staid Dean Rusk was a sensation as Mrs. Khruschev. The highlight of the evening though, was Barry Goldwater who sneaked in and really had the crowd laughing hysterically. He came as himself.

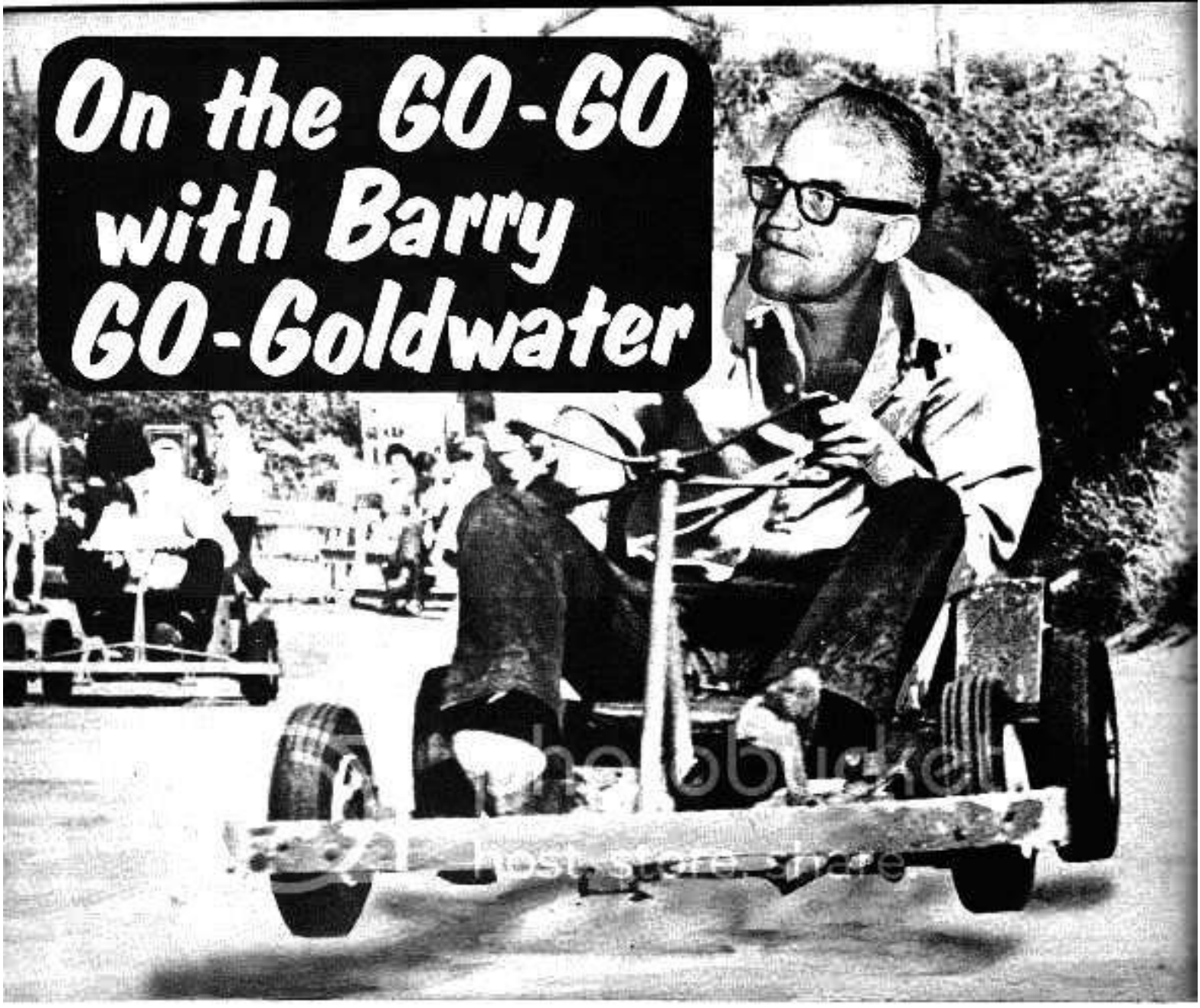
Former No. 1 Pinup, Harry Truman, still maintains his daily walking schedule to keep fit. Here's a fellow who doesn't smoke, drink, go to parties or stay out late. He recently announced he was celebrating his 83rd birthday—to which we asked him *"How!"* Harry's answer is unprintable here since he used cuss words—mainly because he hates old jokes! Getting older however, he's having a little more trouble now making decisions. This may be due to the fact that his last important decision was a big bomb...

America's Number One Heartthrob at the moment, Lyndon Johnson, has many of his adoring young fans worried. They dig his rugged outdoor image but when they hear stories about how he swims in the nude, picks up dogs by the ears, runs around the house shutting off the lights and chatterboxes on the phone all day long – then the teenage gals don't know what to think! Let's stop this ridiculous nonsense, Lyndon, and get on the ball...

Adam Clayton Powell, that dreamboat Congressman from New York says he gets so many summonses and subpoenas that he now sees process servers by appointment only. And to show you how many times he's been absent from roll calls—he still thinks Eisenhower is President! Nevertheless, you can write to him c/o The House Of Reps in Washington. His mail is then forwarded to a box in San Juan...

Mr. Personality himself, Bobby Kennedy, now walks around New York like he owns it. At any rate, Whenever they call him a carpetbagger he figures they're just trying to pull the rug out from under him. This boy is definitely headed for the top—

On the GO-GO with Barry GO-Goldwater



Despite the fact that he had a big flop last year, teenage idol Barry (Go-Go) Goldwater is still very much alive and kicking—as usual. The rugged, handsome six-footer is presently doing personal appearances all over America where he is making speeches—mainly to explain what he meant in last year's speeches. And he's still talking straight from his shoulder. Trouble is, his opponents say he should be talking straight from his head!

• • •

Barry hails from the Arizona desert where his home is far away from everything and everybody. Critics point out that with his philosophy he's better off that way. Nevertheless, where Barry comes from it's extremely hot. It gets to be 102 in the shade—and the shade is in Peoria. On Barry's ranch it's so hot the chickens lay fried eggs. Barry however, seems to be quite at home with all that hot air.

• • •

For relaxation, Barry fools around with his amateur radio equipment. Some say he's one of the biggest hams in America. Others claim he's a real cool operator. At any rate, Barry gets messages from Europe, Asia, Africa and Australia. He already got the message form America.

Fellow colleagues claim that Barry Goldwater has said "no" more times than a Hollywood starlet. He recently said "yes" however, when he decided to run for the Senate again. With his dynamic personality and tremendous drive he shouldn't have any trouble getting a seat. Here is the fellow who would rather be right than President — and proved it almost unanimously last year! A fellow like that can't be ALL bad...

• • •

Another thing that takes up Barry's time is the family department store in Pheonix. It has some quaint Goldwater features. You enter the store on the far right and there are no left turns. What you do is go straight all the way. It's an ultra-modern establishment and quite expensive. In fact, they buy their stock retail! It's the only department store where the bargain basement is on the fifth floor.

• • •

Barry's also an excellent pilot and can fly anything—including off the handle. Many say he likes things up in the air. They just wish he would keep both feet on the ground.

THERE IS NO TRUTH TO THE RUMOR THAT THE REAL BARRY GOLDWATER IS ALIVE AND LIVING IN ARGENTINA!

Dear Congressman

This column has the right to refuse to answer any question on the grounds it might tend to be incriminating. All letters must be accompanied by a campaign donation. If two people send in the same question it's all right as they'll probably get two different answers.

• • •

I've heard recently that doctors are no longer worried about Medicare. Why is this?

Why should they worry? It's making the whole country sick!

• • •

Any truth to the rumor that Lyndon Johnson takes a daily swim in the White House pool?

Yes, the naked truth.

• • •

That adorable kid, Teddy Kennedy—isn't he a little too young to be President?

Yes, that's why he's starting at the bottom—in Congress!

• • •

Does that real groovy he-man, Harry Truman, really play the piano by ear?

Only if he bends over backwards.

• • •

I'm an ardent Dick Nixon fan. What's he doing these days?

Looking for a good TV makeup man.

• • •

At present, who is the Speaker of the House?

Mrs. Johnson.

• • •

At the last Presidential election there was a lot of ticket-splitting. There were new groups like Republicans for Johnson and Democrats for Goldwater. Do you know of any other?

Yes, Birchers for Norman Thomas.

• • •

Why did that cute Bobby Kennedy climb that big big Mountain?

The Mountain wouldn't come to Kennedy—so Kennedy went to the Mountain!

• • •

I think Margaret Chase Smith is a real swinging chick. Tell me, has she any chance at all to become President of the United States?

Only if she runs against Nixon.

• • •

Last New Year's Eve, didn't that darling Perle Mesta throw a party down in her basement?

Yes, the party's name was Barry Goldwater.

• • •

I think Hubert Humphrey is just peachy keen. Is it true he can talk for hours about subjects he knows nothing about?

Just listen to him and you'll hear for yourself.

• • •

Is it true that my hero, Senator Wayne Morse, straddles both sides of the fence?

No, not since the hernia operation.

• • •

I just adore Governor Wallace of Alabama. Tell the truth, is he for Civil Rights?

Yes, but not for everybody.

• • •

After I finish High School I'd like to go straight in politics. What advice have you got for me?

Forget it—you can't go straight in politics!

• • •

I'm a great fan of Thomas E. Dewey. I know he was defeated two times when he ran for President but do you think he'll run again?

Definitely not—being a former Prosecutor he knows what happens to three-time losers!

FAN CLUB NEWS

The SENATOR HICKENLOOPER Fan Club is looking for a new name for its idol...the GREAT SOCIETY Fan Club announces it is breaking up due to lack of funds ...the DWIGHT EISENHOWER Fan Club is still undecided as to what it will do in the future...the BARRY GOLDWATER Fan Club is looking ahead to a very big year in 1868 ...the C.I.A. Fan Club still claims it doesn't know what's going on in the other Fan Clubs...the JOHN BIRCH SOCIETY Fan Club is still a big secret. As soon as we hear anything we'll let you know...the PEACE CORPS Fan Club will soon disband as members can't get along and battle with one another...The WILLIAM E. MILLER Fan Club will continue for another four years despite many dropouts...the KU-KLUX-KLAN Fan Club is still swinging down South...The MARTIN LUTHER KING Fan Club wishes to announce that its members will march on the GOVERNOR WALLACE Fan Club early next Spring ...The BILLIE SOL ESTES Fan Club will soon announce visiting hours when members can visit their idol. The WHITE HOUSE Fan Club will hold their evening meetings in the dark from now on...the J. EDGAR HOOVER Fan Club has also broken up due to lack of membership...the EVERETT DIRKSEN Fan Club announces it is merging with both the BARRY GOLDWATER and the LYNDON JOHNSON Fan Clubs very shortly... The NON-PARTISAN Fan Club has just broken up because of inter-member politics.

CONTEST

GUESS HOW MANY HAIRS ON EVERETT DIRKSEN'S HEAD

(as of January 1, 1966)

WIN A DATE WITH

CHARLIE HALLECK or MARGARET CHASE SMITH

(depending on who wins)

RULES AND REGULATIONS

The one who comes closest to the actual number of hairs (as reported by the Senator's barber) will be adjudged the winner. In case of a tie a Congressional Roll Call will be taken to choose the winning entry. Contest expires January 1, 1966 — as that's when the Senator's term of office may expire. Send all mail to the Contest Editor c/o this Magazine. None will be returned as this is strictly a Republican stunt and the Democrats won't let us send them through the mail free!

The Top 20 Favorite Songs

THE HARMONY FOUR

In The Middle Of Nowhere—**RICHARD NIXON**
I've Got The World On A String—**LYNDON JOHNSON**
The Second Time Around—**NELSON ROCKEFELLER**
There But For You Go I—**HUBERT HUMPHREY**
Young And Foolish—**BOBBY KENNEDY**
No! No! A Thousand Times No!—**BARRY GOLDWATER**
The Thrill Is Gone—**THOMAS E. DEWEY**
Have I Stayed Away Too Long?—**ALF LANDON**
I'm Dreaming Of A White Christmas—**GEORGE WALLACE**
I Don't Stand A Ghost Of A Chance With You—**WILLIAM SCRANTON**
Love Me Or Leave Me—**JIMMY HOFFA**
Nobody Knows The Trouble I've Seen—**ROSS BARNETT**
My Heart Belongs To Daddy—**TEDDY KENNEDY**
Between The Devil And The Deep Blue Sea—**WAYNE MORSE**
Bess, You Is My Woman—**HARRY TRUMAN**
Two Different Worlds—**ORVAL FAUBUS**
Runnin' Wild—**HAROLD STASSEN**
O Lady Be Good To Me—**ADAM CLAYTON POWELL**
The Party's Over—**PERLE MESTA**
They Didn't Believe Me—**BOBBY BAKER**

WHAT THE FUTURE HOLDS FOR YOUR
STARS OF TOMORROW

Barry Goldwater will come out against the U.S. Constitution on the grounds that it's unconstitutional...

Dean Rusk will finally lose his temper and punch Gromyko in the mouth...

Dwight Eisenhower will finally come out and say definitely that he's a Republican...

Margaret Chase Smith will try to pass a bill changing the color of the White House to Chartreuse...

Judge Crater will finally come out of hiding and declare that he is a candidate for President...

Pierre Salinger will enter the Senate race in the next State that has an opening...

Bobby Baker will be hired by the Government to get this country out of the red...

Allen Dulles will come right out and say that he never heard of the C.I.A....

Harry Truman will give an interview to the press without once using a four-letter word...

Perle Mesta will throw a party for Dick Nixon and let him pick up the tab...

In our Next Swinging Issue

- **PHOTOS OF THE NEWEST SWINGING GROUP: THE MINUTE MEN**
- **Is Governor Wallace Looking For Love?**
- How To Act On A First Date With J. Edgar Hoover
- **THE LATEST PAGEBOY HAIR STYLES** (of Washington Pageboys)
- 101 Glossy Photos of DEAN RUSK (in Full Color)

....and many other features!

ON SALE SOON
(or write your local Congressman!)
EXCLUSIVE: WHY LINDON HAS NO FUTURE IN POLITICS!

A best-selling book...an award-winning TV show... now a smash motion picture...

THE MAKING OF THE PRESIDENT 1968

A Republic-an Picture

WITH AN ALL-STAR CAST

Exploding across the screen in a burst of unleashed fury comes the fantastic story of men trying for power...of men trying for fame... of men trying for glory...some of the most trying men of our time!

—SCENES NEVER BEFORE SEEN—

- Grueling In-Fighting Behind Locked Doors
- Terrifying Deals In Smoke-Filled Rooms
- Hand-to-hand-combat on the Convention Floor

4 YEARS IN THE MAKING- NOW IT CAN BE TOLD!

Children Under Voting Age Will Not Be Admitted

ROCKY, The Rich One
He couldn't win for love or money...and he tried both.

SOON TO BE RELEASED

DICKIE
The Tricky One
He Played both ends against the middle... but couldn't come out on top!

BARRY
The Fiery One
He shot straight from the hip... but missed the target by a mile!

GEORGIE
The Radical One
They called him a Dark Horse... and how he hated the name!

WATCH FOR IT AT YOUR NEAREST INDEPENDENT THEATRE!

TEENAGE POLITICIAN SWAP SHOP

Send in all listings at least one year in advance in order to give readers a chance to go out and get the things they need for the swap. All letters become our property and none can be returned as we swap them with other magazines.

I OWN 500 POUNDS OF LEFTOVERS from Perle Mesta's parties. Seek trade for any amount of dandruff from the scalp of Henry Cabot Lodge. BOX RX 98.6.

HAVE A BOTTLED PINT OF SWEAT from the brow of Hubert Humphrey. Will trade for a dozen fleas from L.B.J.'s dog. BOX J86.

GLOSSY 8X10 PINUPS OF YOUR FAVORITE POLITICIANS in revealing poses

Bobby, Teddy, Rocky, Dicky, Ike, Barry, Ev, Charlie, Hubey and scores of others in daring and intimate poses.

FULL SET OF 12 FOR ONLY $1

write:

BOBBY BAKER ENTERPRISES
Washington, D.C.

A COLLECTOR'S ITEM

1936 ALF LANDON BUTTONS FOR SALE

Buy them by the piece, the gross, the ton, the truckload-full—any old way but get them out of here! They're cluttering up dozens of warehouses in Maine and Vermont!

LANDON BUTTONS
Republi, Kan.

THE SUPREMES

WINNER OF THIS YEAR'S AWARD AS THE COMBO MOST LIKELY TO STAY ON TOP!

Hear Their Biggest Hit: "**Decisions, Decisions!**" (On The Congressional Record)

* Sorry, girls—they're all married!

"QUOTES FROM YOUR HEART-THROBS"

HUBERT HUMPHREY: "Why worry about the H-Bomb? Look at it philosophically. If an H-Bomb has your name on it it'll find you wherever you are!"

ADAM CLAYTON POWELL: "New York is a nice place to visit but I wouldn't want to live there!"

WILLIAM E. MILLER: "My opponents keep insisting that poverty is a crime. This is ridiculous. I don't think we should arrest a person just because he happens to be poor!"

GEORGE MURPHY: "Fellow Colleagues. I'd like to make a motion before the Senate. A-one... A-two...

BARRY GOLDWATER: "I tell you, most of the Democrats walking around today don't know their party symbol from a hole in the ground!"

MARTIN LUTHER KING: "I say we cannot tolerate any bigots!"

THOMAS E. DEWEY: "I couldn't get elected because I looked like the groom on the wedding cake. So I shaved off my mustache. Now I can't get elected because I look like Huckleberry Fink."

EVERETT DIRKSEN: "People are always accusing me of always going over to the winning side. I deny this emphatically. However, since these people are in the majority—who am I to disagree with them?"

LIKE, WHAT'S HAPPENING OVERSEAS, BABY?

THE WILD *INTERNATIONAL SCENE*

GAMEL NASSER, that ruggedly handsome Egyptian, made headlines recently when he arrested African Premier Tshombe and wouldn't let him leave Cairo. It proved to be a mistake however. What happened was that Nasser thought that Tshombe's first name was Moishe!

QUEEN ELIZABETH, the teenagers' Number One Glamour Girl, had another spat with her husband Phil. Seems Liz gets mad because Phil can never quite keep up with her. He's always a few paces behind. And with Phil it's the in-law problem. He went so far as to tell her that her mother must go!

CHARLES DE GAULLE keeps insisting that 40 million Frenshmen CAN be wrong—but him, NEVER! In a speech not too long ago he had THE GALL to give the world 48 hours to get out! Nevertheless, the Gallic bobbysoxers seem to go ape over him!

ADOLPH HITLER, once a gay Bavarian favorite, is now reported to be alive and living in Argentina under the name of Sidney Sfortz. Rumor further states that he keeps claiming he didn't know what was going on and that he was just following orders!

MAO-TSE, that Oriental bundle of dynamite, has been reported bombing all over China. But, as observers point out, it figures when you realize that an hour after you explode a Chinese bomb you feel like exploding another one. There is little danger of fallour however, as they're built to explode sideways!

NIKITA KHRUSCHEV, that cute and round ball of fire, proved to the world that nobody's job is secure. Look what happened to him! Insiders report that he's now so poor he's got his wife, Nina, taking in laundry. From other people's clothes lines, that is!

SPACE

Art by Mel Crawford
Script by Bob Elliott

PIE IN THE SKY

When Lieutenant Colonel Leontov floated freely in the atmosphere, attached to Voskhod 2, space history was made anew, and the stirring feat gave us a sharp preview of what might happen when Our Man In Space meets his Russian counterpart in the outer reaches of limbo in the very near future.

(FROM AN AMERICAN AND A RUSSIAN MISSILE IN OUTER SPACE, TWO FIGURES EMERGE AND FLOAT TOWARD EACH OTHER FOR A HISTORIC MEETING)

Spaceeba, Comrade. In Russia they call you the Great Stallion of Silver Wings and Magnificent Heart In Galactic Spacenik. What do you in America call me?
We in America call you Lieutenant Colonel Leonov. Say — it's kind of chilly up here, isn't it?

You know, Alexei — may I call you that? — I feel very close to God up here, don't you?
Close to who?
Close to God.
Who's she?
He, Alexei. If you don't know who God is, I feel sorry for you.
USA

Sorry for me? You know, comrade, you're the one who should be sorry. The way we're going, we'll be on the moon ages before you Americans.
I do not understand.
Keep that up, mac, and you will be there first.
POW! A free trip to the moon is what I mean. I got money says we'll be there first.
Let us enjoy a negotiated peace, comrade. Remember, we are making history.
True. There is enough room out here for everyone. I can see it now, Alexei. A huge space platform, with a monstrous real estate development on it -
And collective farms
And miles of billboards -
And smog and pollution -
And super highways -
And a state owned university to turn out state owned students -
Millions of gallons of borscht -
USA
That's progress, comrade. Onward and upward to the stars. Peacefully coexisting, universalwise, we can make the heavens pay off.
Hey, comrade! That blinding flash down there on earth!
And that mushroom cloud! Looks like a bullseye, buddy. Right on Moscow.
Da! And look, comrade. Another flash, right on Washington! Checkmate — buddy!
You're right, comrade. Now what do we do?
I have just invented a wonderful idea. I think we'd better stay up here til the whole thing blows up.
You mean stay up here til it blows over.
There's a difference?
USA
MEL CRAWFORD

EARTH

People in Virginia have been reporting flying saucers and some say they saw little green men. Augusta County Sheriff John Kent says things have gotten so bad that he is warning citizens not to shoot any little men they see. "Who's got the right to mow them down?" he told reporters.

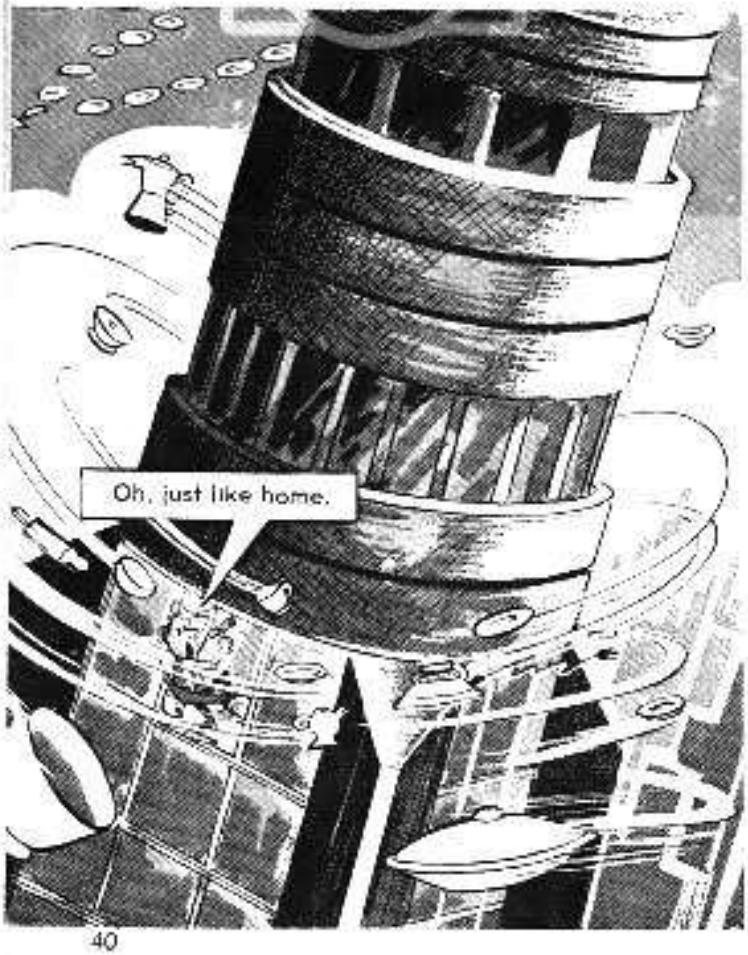
What are the flying saucers? Maj. Donald E. Keyhoe says he thinks the government knows something so startling that it fears the public would be panicked if they knew what the saucers were. How's that for a joke?

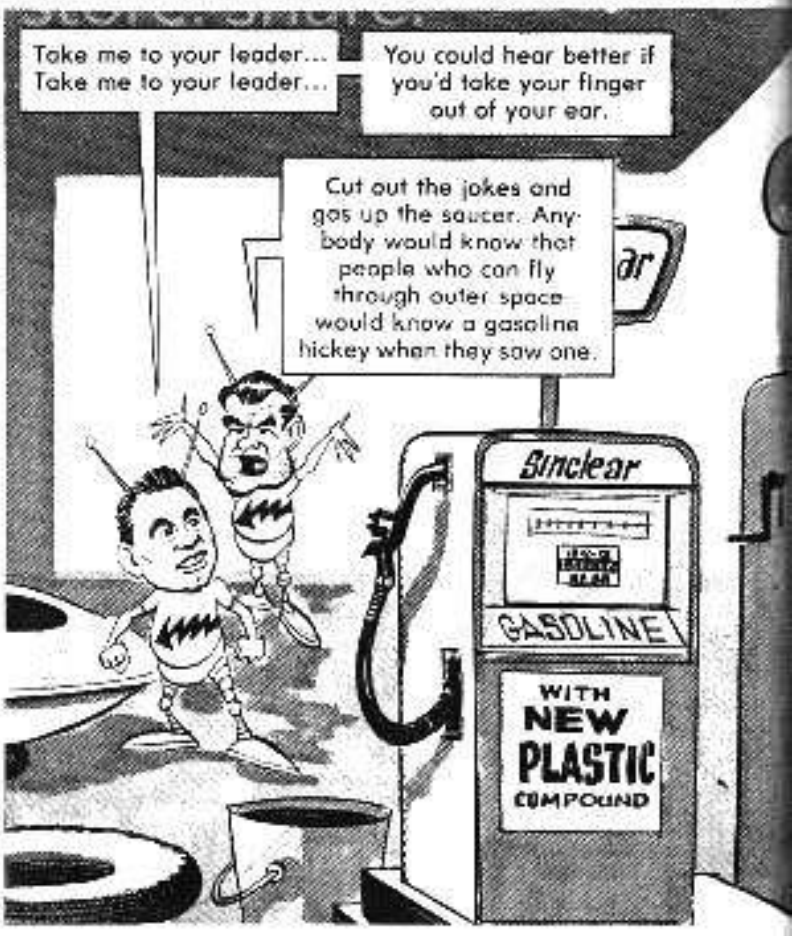
But, there is a reason for people coming here from outer space. We tell you exclusively why we think...

Men from SPACE are Watching You!

Art by Vic Martin

Script by Jim Atkins

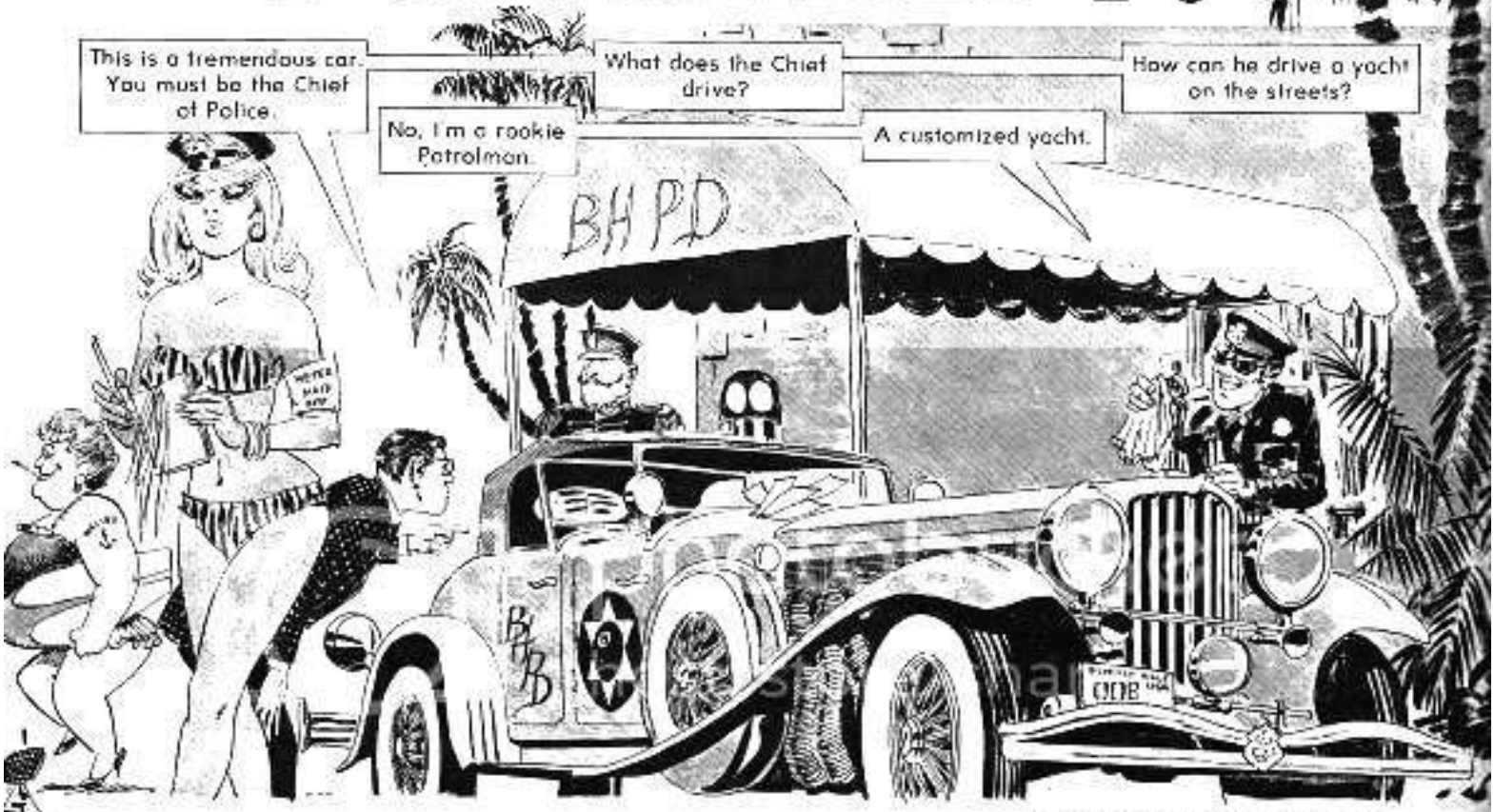



Take me to your leader... Take me to your leader...
You could hear better if you'd take your finger out of your ear.
Cut out the jokes and gas up the saucer. Anybody would know that people who can fly through outer space would know a gasoline hickey when they saw one.
Sinclear
GASOLINE
WITH NEW PLASTIC COMPOUND

Won't you join me in a cup of coffee?
What a ferocious animal.
Gosh, look at it...It can bite you, has four legs to kick you with, can whip you with its tail and could stab you with those horns. Better make a note of that.
Look in there. It's horrible.
BEAUTY SALON
Make a note of that for our report.
That's really unbelievable.
What torture.
STEAM BATHS
I don't think they can quit, even though it almost kills them.
It's called smoking.
SPACEMEN GO HOME
We got some good material during this trip. What a place to gather material.
Yes, let's call the next horror movie, "The Monsters of New York."
VIC MARTIN

Beverly Hills, Calif.: since so many comedians like to tell jokes about the Beverly Hills Police Department, we decided to see if there was any truth to base the wild stories on. Here is———

The BEVERLY HILLS POLICE DEPT.


This is a tremendous car. You must be the Chief of Police.
No, I'm a rookie Patrolman.
What does the Chief drive?
A customized yacht.
How can he drive a yacht on the streets?
BH P.D.
BHPD
ODB

Script by Calvin Castine

Is it true that the Beverly Hills Police Dept. has an unlisted telephone number?
The commissioner used to be in vaudeville.
That's a dirty lie! The reason nobody can find us in the telephone book is, that we're listed under "O'Leary and The Blue Coats."
How come?

What are those shots?
They came from the direction of the bank.
Stop! Or I'll nullify your credit cards!
That always stops 'em.

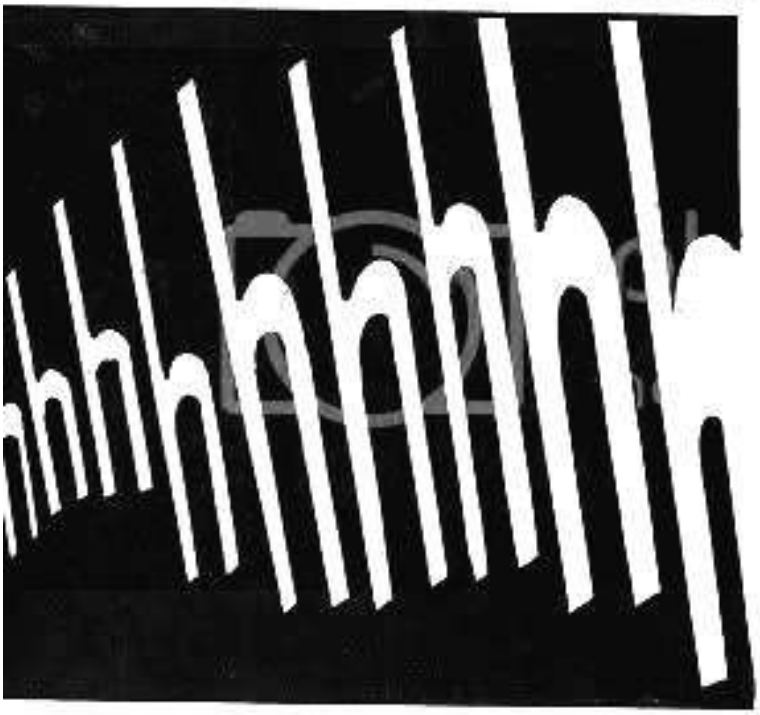
How many years could they get for this?
We've done away with jails. Their punishment will be to sit through ten solid performances of Ed Sullivan and his Italian mouse, Topo Gigio.
Isn't that a little rough?
The underworld is petitioning the governor to bring back the death penalty.

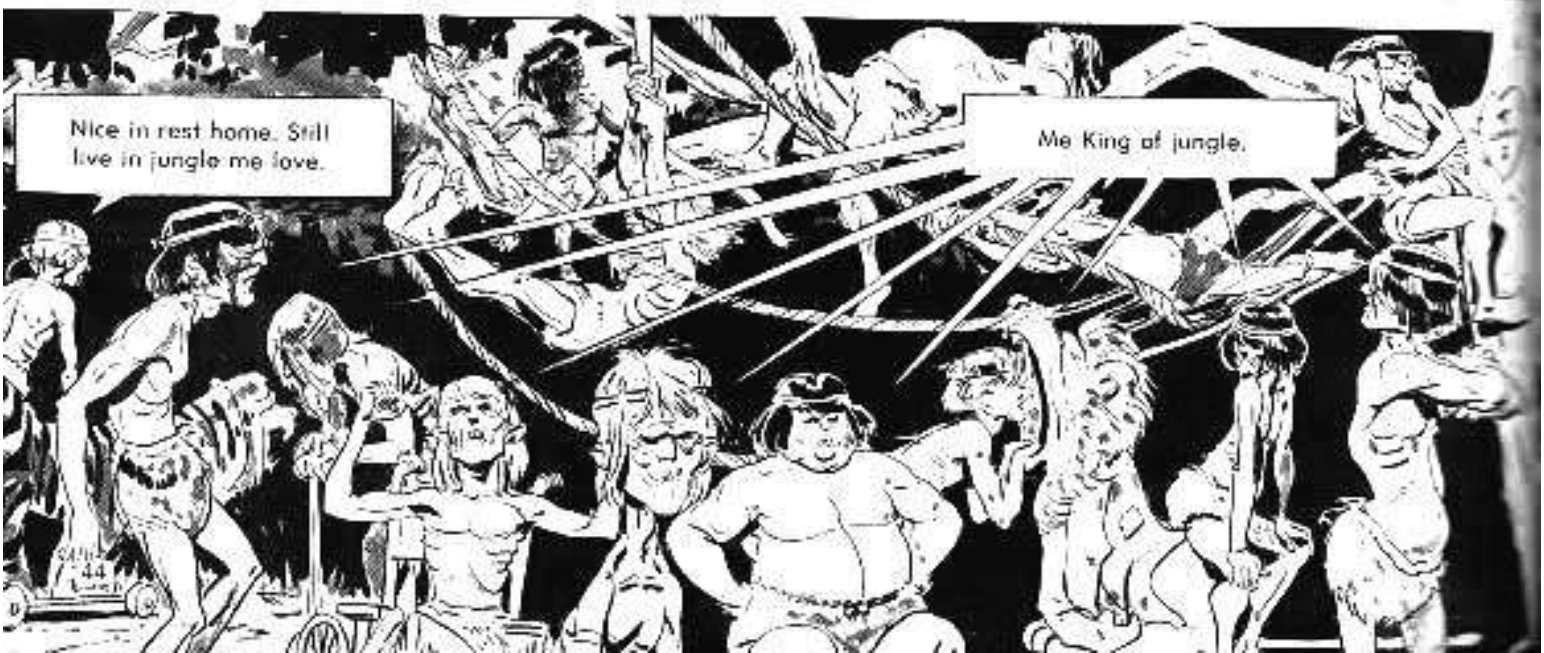
Where did all the girls come from?
I'm Frankie Avalon.
I thought you looked familiar. Why did you quit the movies?
Better pay, shorter hours, less danger...

A news story states that a new Tarzan has been chosen to star in the movie; "Tarzan 65." He's Mike Henry, 6'3" Los Angeles Rams linebacker. He'll be Tarzan Number 14, the first Lord of the Jungle having been Elmo Lincoln, who swung from vines in 1918. What happens to the old Tarzans? They are happy playing the same old roll, as they live in . . .

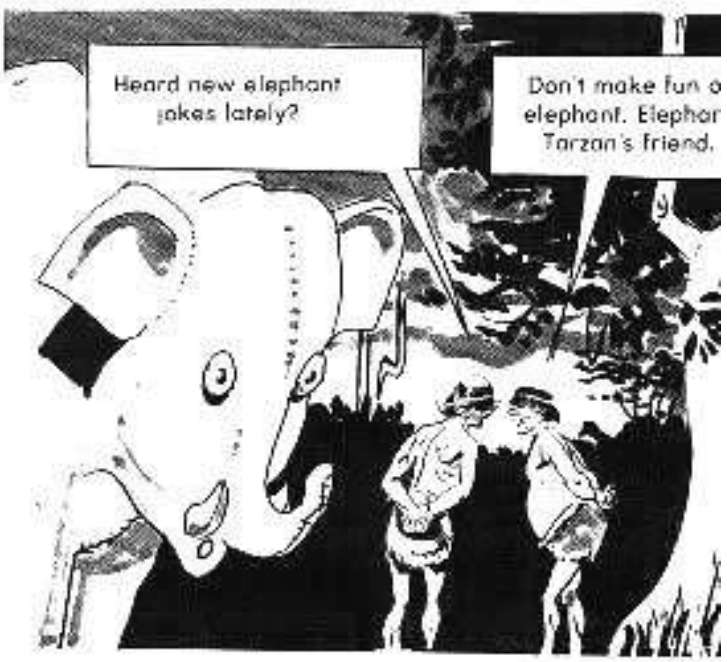
THE OLD TARZAN REST HOME

Art by Jack Sparling



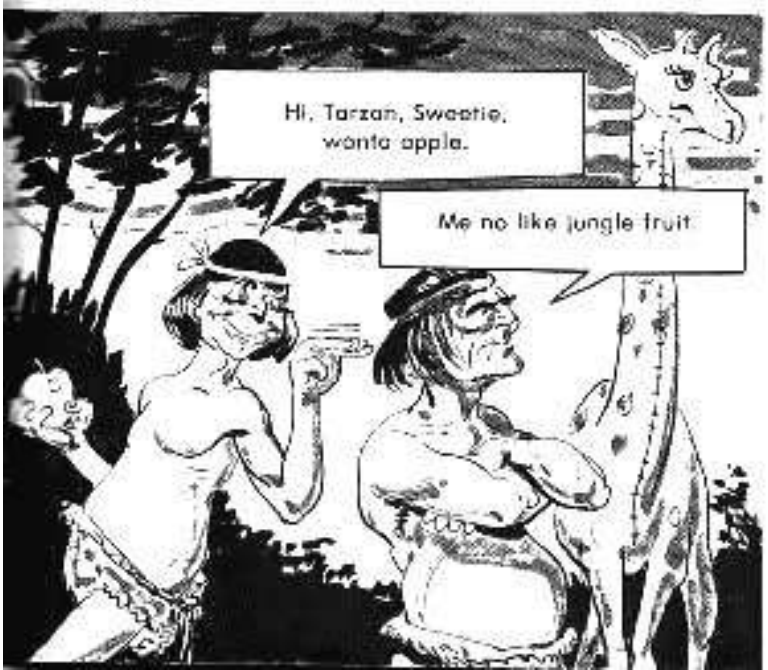


Me hear something. Natives getting restless.
Me not hear anything.
He needs to turn his hearing aid up.
It's the natives of the city. They're meeting to make us stop using those megaphones to make Tarzan yells... Keeps them awake.


Heard new elephant jokes lately?
Don't make fun o elephant. Elephar Tarzan's friend.

Me king of jungle.
What snake say?
Don't know. Snake talk with forked tongue

This your Boy? Grown up? Now man?
Boy father. That Boy's grown son. Boy father of the man.


Hi, Tarzan, Sweetie, wanta apple.
Me no like jungle fruit

Miss being in movies, me like play Shakespeare. Stay in show biz, Tarzan always be in movies.
Yes, Tarzan always be around wearing leopard or tiger skin. Me write song about it... called "Tarzan Stripes Forever."

Hate That Grey Matter? Laugh It Away! Try

The Brand "X" Product... It's a RIOT!

UNLIKE ANYTHING YOU HAVE EVER SEEN — IT'S THAT SOMETHING DIFFERENT THE WORLD HAS BEEN WAITING FOR!

WATCH FOR ANNOUNCEMENT

SiMON SEZ:

by Joe Simon

This time out we have a lot of a-sorded announcements to make. Little by little we're going to turn this magazine over to you, our readers. We're going to feature all sorts of different departments where you, our readers, contribute your own material. The end result will be that you, our readers, will soon take over the whole magazine and we, your editors, will just sit back and do nothing—except collect all the money that is. And, in addition to these items of interest, we're also presenting here another one of our profiles of SICK staff members. So keep sending in those letters and let us know what else we can do for you—or, to be more exact, what else you can do for us...

SURVEY BUTTON PRIZES

All those who contributed to our recent SICK Survey have already received in the mail as their prize the new SICK Button (same size as shown) which makes them a member of the SICK Inner Circle. Welcome to the Club, Fellow Sick-ies.

NAMES FOR LIFE PARODY

Names are still coming in from all over the country for listing in that LIFE Magazine Parody we're planning. What we're looking for are appropriately funny names to print on the masthead. Check the real masthead of LIFE and you'll get some idea of what is appropriately funny. But better rush those names in as we're going to rush that parody out very shortly...

A CLASSIC-FRIED COLUMN

A new feature in our magazine will be a special section devoted exclusively to SICK Pen-Pals. If you have anything you'd like to swap or sell—or if you'd like to correspond with other readers in different parts of the world—if you're just hammy and would simply like to see something you wrote appear in print—then this column is definitely for you. It's strictly legitimate though, and no illegitimate people can use it. Send in those items as soon as possible since we plan our issues months in advance. Write to SICK Magazine, Classic-fried Dept., 32 W. 22nd St., N.Y. 10, N.Y.

CALLING ALL CONTRIBUTORS

From time to time we get manuscripts and artwork from our readers that are very close to professional in quality. Hereafter we will publish the best of this material. If you feel you have anything that's worthy of publication in SICK then send it to us. If we use your stuff you will be paid. Be sure to send a stamped, self-addressed envelope however, if you want your work returned should we not use it. Here's your chance to be a real SICK contributor — so let's see how sick you really are...

PROFILE: Arnoldo Franchioni

IN REAL LIFE

Arnoldo Franchioni, who signs his work "Francho", was one of Argentina's top comic artists before coming to this country. *"I was a big man on the Pampas,"* he says. When asked why he came to America if he was so big he replies, *"the Pampas got smaller."* Nevertheless, New York is his oyster now and Francho insists he's one nut who's going to crack it.

Francho was born and raised some 35 years ago near Buenos Aires and began his career in 1947 drawing cartoons for DES-CAMISADA *(The Shirtless One)*. This was a magazine of Political satire and started him in this type of thinking for years to come. In 1951 he created his first comic strip—a thing called CANDIDO which UPI of Argentina snapped up and is still featuring today in newspapers throughout South America. *"I think that's what's causing all the revolutions,"* he says.

Encouraged by the wide acceptance of his work, Francho began producing a great mass of comic strips with all sorts of colorful characters as heroes. *"You could say I was the Joe Simon of Latin America,"* he modestly points out. Even the staid and respectable LA FAMILIA CRISTIANA *(The Christian Family Magazine)* broke down and used a comic strip for the first time—choosing Francho's CARITA DULCE *(Little Funny Face)*. *"They thought it was autobiographical,"* he adds.

One of Francho's biggest successes was his ALBUM DE FAMILIA *(Family Album)* in which he drew funny family trees of Italian immigrants pouring into Argentina. *"I finally had to stop,"* he recalls, *"one day I got a kiss on the cheek from a Mafia chieftain."* His most popular success however, was HISTORIAS DE CINCO GUITAS *(Nickle Apiece Stories)*. *"This is what they paid me,"* he insists. Nevertheless, each and every week Francho turned out stories satirizing people in public life. None escaped his acid-tipped pen and soon he was the center of a storm of controversy. *"I got the feeling the government might try to overthrow me,"* he tells us. After some 250 stories he figured he pressed his luck far enough and stopped. His fans still remember him though, and to this very day he gets letters addressed to him in New York.

After that, Francho went to work for a Chilean Publishing Company called *EL PINGUINO* where he did other comic features. These were less controversial and he was able to sleep nights. *"Even though it was a little Chile,"* he puns. From there he began dabbling in Radio and TV for awhile then left Argentina in 1962. *"That shows you how successful my dabbling was,"* he admits.

In his first year in New York City he and several other associates opened a Spanish Market Advertising Agency. It folded shortly afterward. *"I lost time, money and my sense of humor,"* he says. In scrounging around for free-lance assignments he chanced to meet Paul Laikin and spontaneously that meeting proved fruitful. He illustrated two books that Paul had just written. These were "Who's *Insecure?*" and *"My Sun The Doctor."* They make a good team. Francho's English isn't too good and neither is Paul's.

Arnoldo (Francho) Franchioni works and lives in Manhattan not too far from the SICK office. *"I like to keep returning to the scene of the crime,"* he tells us. Married to a very beautiful girl, Diana Zevallos, at this writing they are expecting their first baby. *"This is the one time I didn't collaborate with Paul Laikin,"* he boasts...

IN COMIC LIFE

NEWS BULLETINS

It seems lately that events of importance on TV—such as freedom marches in Alabama and the Gemini astronauts coming home to Cape Kennedy—are infuriating housewives normally used to watching the manufactured agonies of the soap operas, and angering the little kiddies whose ridiculous cartoon shows are being interrupted by these historic events. If the protests grow, and the nets try to make all parties happy, we might expect this in the near future.

"WE INTERRUPT THIS PROGRAM"

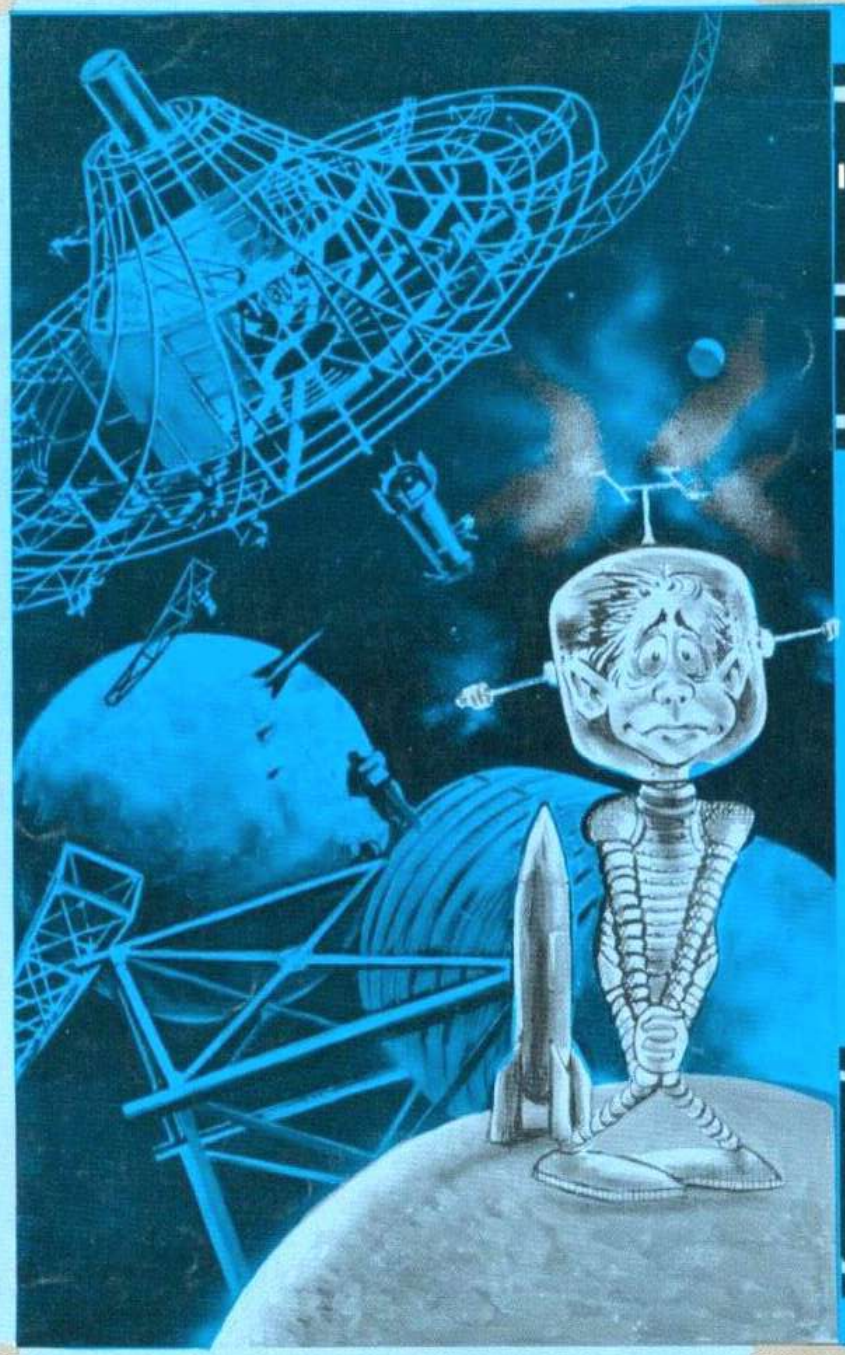
Art by Angelo Torres Script by Bob Elliott

Ladies and gentlemen, here to present medals to the two astronauts who were the first to land successfully on the moon and return, is — THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.
THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED
NASA
GOLDWATER IN 1964
Seldom has it been given to one single man the honor of being able to acknowledge publicly, before millions of American citizens, the incredible heroism that Colonels Jones and Smith have displayed, and the almost unthinkable dreams they have brought to fruition for the honor and glory of our country. It is with the greatest pleasure —
Thank you, George. My friends, I will have to interrupt at this time to bring you housewives up to date on MARTHA'S OTHER STORM.
It seems that Kerry, the teenage junkie, has confronted Margo with the fact that Cynthia has compromised Lester in Tina's home while Harry was fixing the furnace at Sally's request, and Mr. Moffitt is furious.
PIZZA
15¢

We leave them there and return you now to—where was I?
That's right, George.
The awards, Mr. President.
And now, it is with pride that I present to these two heroic men—who risked their lives by journeying into the black, cold loneliness of outer space for you and me—the Distinguished Service Medal.
HELP
which I will do as soon as I recap the Rootie O'Tootie cartoon program for all you little future space men out there. Mr. Reedy?
Well, kids, it seems that Rootie O'Tootie has gotten himself in a jam with the Angry Red Giant, and is being forced to offer little Lolly Palooza, his playmate, as a sacrifice to placate the giant.
However, at this moment, Rootie's friend, The Horrible Hornet, stings the Red Giant, and as the green blood oozes out, along with mixed vegetables and idiotic little people, Rootie cuts the ropes that bind Lolly, and they both escape in a surplus Mercury missile as the Red Giant writhes on the ground, beats the earth with his hammer and sickle.
And now—back to the President.
IZVESTIA
Thank you, George. That was a nice little recap, and I'm glad that old giant is getting his comeuppance.
I'll be right back to award those medals, but first we switch you to Integration, Alabama, where we will hear from whichever correspondent hasn't been clubbed by the enthusiastic, freedom loving crowds. Take it away, Integration!
This is Peter Kalibosh in Integration, Alabama, and I'm standing at the intersection of Bloodshed Avenue and Brutal Street, ready to flee for my life at any moment.

Hell has broken loose and I'm the only correspondent at liberty — all the others having been taken prisoners by the KKK
Alabama has been split in half, with northern Alabama setting up a monarchy under King Martin 1, and southern Alabama having seceded from the United States.
HOLD IT! A FLASH JUST IN! What happened is that the United States has seceded from Alabama, and that has caused these riots as the natives realize that they are no longer eligible for federal funds.
I'm trying to get King Martin 1 over here to say a few words — Your Highness! Sir! Dr. King — hey Martin! It's me! Peter Kalibash! Over here!
I'm sorry, but I've been informed that King Martin is on his way to head off a protest march by Governor Wallace, so we return you now to Washington and Marvin Dekalb.
And now, we resume the presentation of the medals.
Folks, it looks like that big red hand on the clock says we've run out of time, if not out of words, so tune in to HODGE PODGE tomorrow for the second part of this thrilling presentation of the medals to our astronauts, as well as capsule interruptions of your favorite shows and news.
And now we rejoin DOCTOR. THAT INTERN NEEDS A NURSE, which is unfortunately in progress...

I still say it's a flying saucer!



IS THERE INTELLIGENT LIFE ON EARTH?

CLODD

A SICK BOOK

IS THERE INTELLIGENT LIFE ON EARTH?

by

DR. HUGH R. CLODD

SICK SCIENCE EDITOR

SICK BOOK JACKET

CUT OUT AND PASTE OVER REAL BOOK